



LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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*TAKEN BY SIEGE.**

CHAPTER XIV.

BY eleven o'clock sharp the next morning Martin the detective arrived at Rush's lodgings. His appearance surprised Rush. He had expected to see a ferret-eyed, ill-dressed man, with short-cut side-whiskers and shorter hair,—a veritable Sergeant Bucket; instead of which he saw a tall, slim man, with a delicate, foreign-looking face, finely-cut features, pale complexion, curling black hair, well-kept beard and moustache, and large eyes with drooping lids,—altogether a well-dressed, fine-looking fellow. Rush could hardly believe that he was the detective, but soon found out that he was, and they began at once to plan out a course of action. Martin had never seen the alleged murderer of Rose Effington, but had a careful description of him, knew that his name was Costello, and that he was mixed up with mediums and freethinkers. This was clue enough for him. The man who had given him this information had been called out West on business, but wrote that he hoped to return in time to take a hand in the hunt.

Rush and the detective visited all the mediums, astrologers, and fortune-tellers in New York in the course of a fortnight. They held conversations with the spirits of departed friends, had their horoscopes cast and their fortunes told. The detective palmed himself off as a medium, and exhibited so thorough an acquaintance with the slang of the profession that Rush had a suspicion he must have practised its arts at some time in his life.

One day Martin received a letter from their informant in the West, telling them that he had heard of Costello being at a certain medium's on East Fourth Street, and advising them to watch the place with the greatest vigilance. After this letter of information Martin and Rush walked over to East Fourth Street, where on the front door post of No. — they found this legend painted in white letters on a black square of tin :

MADAME FANNY, COUNTESS DE PARIS.

CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM;

UNEQUALLED SPIRIT GUIDE;

UNITES THE SEPARATED.

FRONT PARLOR; DAILY.

Martin found the janitress, and at once secured the back parlor of this miserable tenement, which was connected by folding doors with Madame Fanny's front parlor. The two men had got themselves up to look like very disreputable fellows,—Rush like a Bowery boy, and Martin like a Spiritualist. The latter's pale face and inky beard, and the peculiar expression of his eyes, helped him to carry out this disguise; and he parted his rather long hair in the middle, and wore a coat with a cape, and a big soft black hat. Rush could hardly contain himself when he talked to the mediums about the "control," fell into apparent trances, and spouted the greatest lot of rubbish, all of which was listened to with delighted ears, particularly by the novices. The old hands knew it was only acting, just as their "trances" were acting.

In their back parlor Martin and Rush spent many long hours, the former beguiling the time by telling thrilling stories of his detective work. He had had some wonderful adventures, and he sometimes named names when he was telling them, names that were well known in New York, but about which few people knew that there were any suspicious circumstances.

Rush and Martin visited "Madame Fanny, Countess de Paris," one day, to get a good look at her room and see how the communicating door was fastened. It was not a very secure fastening,—a bit of string tied around the two handles. A sharp knife dexterously thrust through the crack would easily cut the string, and the ill-hung doors would roll open of their own weight. On the day of their visit to the Countess, Martin introduced Rush as a young man who had been robbed of his

watch in the Bowery. It was a valuable one, and he hoped she would be able to tell him where to find it. As an inspiration to her trance, Madame Fanny demanded a fee of one dollar in advance; and then, taking her seat in a shabby stuffed chair, she closed her eyes and waited for the trance.

The men seated themselves on an equally shabby sofa, and Rush watched the medium as she lay back with her eyes closed. She was thin and pale, with sharp features, and hair that had been touched up with dye and that was still in curl-papers. She wore a soiled wrapper, and the slippers on her feet had evidently seen better days. Madame Fanny herself looked as if she might have once been pretty. That she thought something of her appearance was seen by the attempt to take care of her hands. Her nails were not over-clean, but they were long and carefully trimmed, and her fingers, though thin, were well shaped.

By the time Rush had made this mental inventory of her personal charms, Fanny heaved a deep sigh, and her lips moved. "Me see watch,—pretty watch—tick—ticky—tick,—gold watch."

"Yes," said Rush, "gold watch and chain,—watch with gold face, and fob-chain."

"Such a pretty watch! numbers in gold, too," she continued, not noticing the interruption. "Pretty chain! I see pretty things hanging on chain. Oh, naughty man he take 'oo watch. There he run fast to shop. Three balls hanging out in front. Old man with big nose. He got watch." Then, shuddering from head to foot, Madame Fanny opened her eyes and looked around her. "Did you get the desired information?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Rush; "a little lisping child told us that the watch was a gold watch, that I had been robbed of it, and that the thief had taken it to a pawnbroker's."

"The 'control' is little Mamie: she always tells these things correctly. If you search the pawn-shops, you will find your watch." Rush thanked her for her information, and the two men retired to their room.

"Did you ever hear such a pack of lies in your life?" said Rush, as the door closed behind them.

"Hush! you will be heard," answered the detective. "Yes, of course I have, often, from the same class of people."

"And to think that they can get any person to believe in them!"

"I am not surprised that they can dupe the lower classes,—the poor ignorant creatures that infest this neighborhood; but they succeed in getting a presumably respectable, intelligent lot of patrons. Didn't you notice that nice-looking turn-out, a few doors below here, yesterday?"

Well, I saw a very decently dressed woman, heavily veiled, get out of that carriage and come in here to Madame Fanny's. She probably listened to just such drivel as you heard in there just now, only of course it was about a love-affair; and she went home satisfied. It is a credulous world."

"Yes, credulous where it should be suspicious, and suspicious where it should be credulous," answered Rush.

While Rush was doing this detective work he was almost isolated from general society. There was some excitement to be got out of it, but he and Martin were rather holding back until the arrival of the man Johnson from the West. Martin thought, and expressed his suspicions to Rush, that Johnson had been in love with Rose Effington, and had been cut out by Costello, who was reported to have strange fascinations for women. Johnson had not the time or the money to spend in ferreting out the proofs of his suspicions, and was obliged to take *The Dawn* into his confidence. He had not seen Costello many times, and, although he declared that he would know him again if he saw him, he felt surer of recognizing him by his voice, which he said was indescribable, but peculiar and never to be forgotten.

Rush longed to see Helen with an irresistible longing, to which he gave way one evening. Leaving Martin on watch, he went to his lodgings first and dressed himself, and then walked around to the Academy. The opera was "Faust," again. Helen sang divinely. Rush adored every note of that beautiful music, and he was lifted out of himself by Helen's exquisite performance. Marguerite was admitted to be her best part, and she certainly gave an ideal interpretation of it. Dear girl, how he loved her! He forgot the tenor, who was acting in his most impassioned manner; he forgot everything but Helen; and when she appeared at the window in a flood of moonlight, her dark eyes intensified by her golden hair, and sang the exquisite duet, he actually weighed in his mind the probable result if he should clamber over the foot-lights and fold her in his arms. "Here I sit," he thought, "a passion of love tearing me in two; and yet I suppose I look as calm and as unruffled as that venerable banker in his box." His only relief was to join in the outburst of applause that broke from all parts of the house. He never liked to go behind the scenes between the acts when Helen was singing "Faust," because she was so absorbed in the part that he felt it was profanation to bring her out of it: so he wandered about the lobby, hoping that he might meet some one whom he knew and who knew her. He did meet some one very soon. West Hastings was out there, looking very *blasé*, and talking with two or three club friends about his projected trip abroad and the good time he intended

to have. Then he came across Mr. Archer, who insisted upon his going up to the box.

"Bessie has that O'Hara there, and he bores the life out of me with his insufferable affectations. I don't like the man, and yet I have no right to take so violent a prejudice against him. It would be a great relief to me, however, if you should come up; and I know Bessie would be glad to see you. We haven't seen you for a long time. What has been the matter?" Mr. Archer asked, as he conducted Rush to his box.

Rush explained that he was working up a special case for *The Dawn* and was unusually busy. As they neared the box, they saw O'Hara bending low over Bessie from his seat above. They could almost see the pupils of his cat-like eyes dilate as he talked to her in his slow, peculiar voice. Mrs. Archer looked at him and shuddered. She could only catch a word of his conversation now and then, and that more than satisfied her. He was talking upon a subject she disliked.

"Whether one believes in Spiritualism or not," O'Hara was saying, "he must admit that there are some wonderful things done in its name. I should like you to meet a little woman down-town,—a medium, I suppose she calls herself. She would tell you things that would set you to thinking. If you want to make an appointment to meet her, I will arrange the meeting, and get Mrs. Pryor to chaperon us. It's not an attractive place, but it is perfectly reputable, or you may be sure I shouldn't suggest your going there."

All this was said in a low voice, so that Mrs. Archer did not catch enough of the conversation to know what it was about. Had she known, she would have spoken out plainly. O'Hara seemed to speak behind his tongue, and it was quite difficult to understand him unless you gave your mind to the effort. This impediment, if impediment it could be called, made him speak slowly, and this slowness gave a certain impressiveness to the simplest remark he made.

Mrs. Archer greeted Rush with the greatest cordiality. He seemed like a whiff of fresh country air after a breeze from Hunter's Point. Bessie also was pleased to see him. Though she was very much interested in what O'Hara was saying, she found the man rather oppressive, and there was something about his dilated pupils that she didn't altogether like.

When Rush entered the box, O'Hara went out, and Mrs. Archer seemed to breathe more freely. The conversation was lively and general until the curtain was rung up again. Then they listened with breathless interest to the beautiful music. Rush could not help contrasting his present surroundings with those of a few hours before and a few hours hence. On every side of him were youth, beauty, refine-

ment, and wealth. The woman he adored was before his eyes, singing as no one else could sing.

“Oh, to see her, hear her singing,
Scarce I know which is divinest,”

quoted Rush. Then his thoughts wandered back to the miserable tenement in East Fourth Street where he was to spend the night, with poverty, wretchedness, and crime on every side, and he himself on the track of a murderer. The life of the journalist has variety in it, if nothing else. Then he looked about him, at the “glittering horse-shoe:” the delicate perfume of the flowers that lay upon the railing of the boxes was wafted to his nostrils, and he was intoxicated by the scene. His reverie was broken in upon by Mr. Archer, who tapped him on the shoulder.

“Just look at West Hastings,” said he. “That fellow is more in love with Helen than I gave him credit for being. He has not taken his eyes off her once since she came upon the stage.”

Sure enough, there he sat in his proscenium box, alone, his eyes riveted on the lovely face of Helen Knowlton and his ears drinking in every note of her voice. This was not a pleasant sight to Rush, and it sent him back to his tenement-house watch in no happy frame of mind. But his work grew more interesting as time went on, and he soon became completely absorbed in picking up the threads of evidence against the murderer of the unfortunate actress.

CHAPTER XV.

JOHN HURLSTONE was very much disturbed in his mind. He was in love with Leoni the dancer, and he had promised to marry Amy Bayliss, the rector's daughter. The worst of it was that he was very fond of Amy, and he did not want to treat her unkindly. But he was determined to marry Leoni. On that point he was strong, though on most others he was weak. He would still let Amy believe that they were to be married in the fall. Perhaps in the mean time he could think of a good excuse for breaking off the match. He might pretend to be jealous,—to believe that she didn't love him. Not only was John disturbed on this account, but the state of affairs of the Mutual Dividend Mining Company did not tend to make him happy. Colonel Mortimer was drinking heavily and playing high,—two sure signs that he was losing faith in the continued prosperity of the company; and

there were some ugly rumors afloat that reflected upon the company's credit.

John, too, feared a day of reckoning, and he followed the example of his chief in the matter of drinking and high play. His letters to Amy became less frequent, and his visits to Leoni more so. He was infatuated by the Italian's beauty and her passionate love for him, and he could not keep away from her. Two or three times he had gone to see her while feeling the worse for liquor. She was terribly shocked; but he explained the circumstance as an accident, and she was quite willing to accept the explanation. One day, after a *matinée*, he called for her at the stage-door of the Academy to take her home in his carriage. She refused to go with him at first, because her mother was not with her; but John argued so eloquently that she yielded. Were they not engaged to be married? Indeed, they were really as good as husband and wife. It was only a question of a few words of ceremony. Moreover, he had something of great importance to say to her, and he must say it to her alone.

So Leoni got into the carriage. John spoke a few words in a low tone to his Italian valet, who sat on the box with the coachman, and sprang into the carriage, shutting the door after him with a bang of victory. As the horses dashed up the street, he took Leoni's hand and kissed it deferentially, and held it in his own while he talked to her as he could so well talk to women. John had been drinking, but not heavily, and not enough for Leoni to notice; only enough to make him determined to accomplish his object, to which end he brought all his eloquence to bear. He told Leoni the story of his love for her,—a story she never tired of hearing; and then he asked her if she really loved him. Her words were few, but their emphasis and the look in her eyes satisfied him. Then he told her that he was going to put her love to the test,—that he was going to ask her to marry him, and to marry him that very afternoon. Circumstances which he would explain to her some day made it necessary for their marriage to be private. If he could have his way, he would like it to be proclaimed from the house-tops and cried through the streets. He was proud of his love, and he wanted the world to know of it, but adverse fate would have it otherwise. If they were to be married at all, it must be privately. Leoni's face grew pale at the "if," and she pressed John's hand that held hers with an energy that gave assurance. "I was so sure that you would say yes, darling, that I brought this ring; and I have ordered the coachman to drive us to the house of a respectable clergyman, who will perform the ceremony as it should be performed, making thee mine and me thine beyond any chance of separation." Tears filled Leoni's eyes

at the thought of deceiving her kind father and mother; but John kissed them away, and told her that it would only be for a short time. He had his way; and, as the clergyman's house was reached in a few moments, the ceremony was performed at once, John's valet acting as witness. Leoni, in her agitation, with her imperfect knowledge of English, did not notice that John gave the name of Hurlstone.

After the ceremony, John drove her home and took dinner with the family. He was never gayer and never made himself more agreeable to Signor and Signora Cella. Leoni was more or less embarrassed. She felt that she was in a false position, and she was displeased with herself for having deceived her parents, particularly her mother, from whom she had never concealed anything in her life. Both her father and her mother felt sure that John was seriously in love with Leoni, but they knew their daughter too well to fear that she would entertain any proposition from him but that of honorable marriage. Those who look upon ballet-dancers as an utterly corrupt and abandoned class who regard well-to-do young men as their legitimate prey should have known Lisa Cella. A better girl never lived. Not only was she the bread-winner for her family (many less virtuous girls are that), but she was purity and goodness personified. Many women of society, who applauded her dancing, but would have tossed and turned away their virtuous heads if they had met her in a drawing-room, could not have submitted their lives to such a scrutiny as hers would bear. Even dear, good Mrs. Hurlstone would have taken to her bed had she known of her John's marriage to a *première danseuse* of the Italian opera,—not only because he was already engaged to the girl of her choice, but chiefly because of her horror of such a *mésalliance*. In reality, the mother to have been made wretched by this marriage was Signora Cella. Lisa was much too good a girl for John Hurlstone, and never under any circumstances could he make her a devoted husband. She was prepared to give up the stage—anything, everything—for him. But if he had lived with her quietly for three months, domestic life would have palled upon him, and had temptation come in his way he would have yielded to it. He would never have been unkind to her; that was not his nature: he would merely have sought other attractions.

But fate did not give him a honeymoon of the conventional sort. He saw very little of his wife,—so little that many a tear mingled with the rouge on her cheeks and aided the cold-cream in its effort to take off the stage "make-up" when the opera was over and he had not come.

It was not because John did not want to see Leoni that he stayed away: it was because he was troubled and annoyed. Mortimer kept

him at the Mutual Dividend office until late at night, and he had a great deal of ugly work to do. The colonel, as I have said, could not write anything but his name, and John was a skilful penman, so his talents in that line were given many an opportunity in these all-night sittings. John knew that what he was doing was wrong; but he said to himself, "Mortimer says it's all right; and I can't go back on Mortimer." How quickly Mortimer would have "gone back" on him, if it had been to his interest to do so! Just now, however, it was to his advantage to conciliate John and to use him. In the midst of his excitement and annoyances John received a long and loving letter from Amy, telling him that she and her mother were coming to New York to buy the material for her trousseau. "It may seem to you, dear John, that I am taking time by the forelock; but I haven't a minute too much. I am going to make everything myself. No other hand but mine shall take a stitch in my wedding-clothes. It is an egotistical idea, perhaps you will say, but I want to be busy all this time, and I want work that will not prevent my thinking of you every minute. As I sew the hours away, every stitch will have the name of my own beloved John sewed in with it. If you think this is foolish, dear John, forgive me. I will try and be less silly after the happy day that is coming."

John read this letter over slowly, word by word; then, letting the paper slip from his fingers to the floor, he sat for a few minutes gazing vacantly before him. He could not think clearly; he felt like a man in a stupor. If he had been cruel, he would have sent a letter to Amy Bayliss, telling her that he could not marry her because he loved another woman. That would be the shortest way out of the difficulty; but he did not want to pain her. "Poor Amy! Why does she care for such a good-for-nothing as I am? I can't tell her I don't love her, because I do; I love her as a brother. But brotherly love isn't much, after what I have protested. Well, it's nearly five months before September; a good deal can happen in that time; a good deal has happened in less time. Thinking won't help matters, anyway."

So he threw Amy's letter in the fire, and, walking over to the sideboard, poured out half a glassful of brandy and drank it slowly. Then he took a mouthful of ice-water, lighted a cigar, and, throwing himself in a big chair, began to think again.

"Hang it all! can't a man get away from his thoughts?" he muttered, aloud.

As he rose impatiently from his chair again, his eyes fell upon the large photograph of Leoni on the easel. "Leoni—my own—my wife! I haven't seen you for days, my darling. Poor girl! I'll go see you

this moment." And, taking his hat and top-coat, he walked over to Broadway. There he hailed a coupé, and drove at once to the Cellas'. Signor Cella had not left his bed yet; he was suffering a good deal of pain. Signora had gone to the market,—to Washington Market, she made such good bargains there and had such a variety to select from. John sympathized with Signor Cella's pains, but he thanked heaven that Washington Market was not a block farther up-town. He could have Leoni all to himself for once, and he had not seen her for so long that he felt he could never see enough of her. How beautiful she was, and how he loved her,—for the time being! Leoni was at first disposed to show a little coolness and take John to task for having stayed away from her so long; but he was an expert at making his peace with women, and Leoni was soon placated. What a happy two hours they had! John forgot all about Amy, the Mutual Dividend, and the rest of his troubles, and thought only of the moment. He told Leoni that he would be at the Academy that evening to fetch her home, and he kept his word. Signora Cella insisted upon his coming in and having supper with them, and he accepted the invitation with eagerness. His evening was almost as happy as his morning had been. He had been happier that day than he thought he ever could be again after the receipt of Amy's letter.

The next day, as he sat over his late breakfast, thinking of Leoni and the day before, his valet entered the room, bearing a telegram. Supposing it was from Mortimer, who always communicated with him by telegraph, owing to his inability to write, John tore it open carelessly, tossed the envelope in the grate, and read,—

"Mrs. Bayliss and Amy left on 8.30 train for New York. Please meet them.
GEORGE BAYLISS."

John turned pale, but he said, coolly enough, "All right, Antonio. Tell the boy no answer." And Antonio left him to his thoughts. He looked at his watch. It was eleven o'clock. The run from Farmsted was not more than two hours. They must be sitting waiting at the station now,—poor things. He would send his valet with excuses for his unexpected absence from town. He arose hastily to ring for Antonio, when that noiseless attendant entered the room. "Two ladies to see Signor: would Signor see them?" As the man spoke, John saw Mrs. Bayliss and Amy in the hall. It was too late to escape, so he went out to meet them, and brought them into the room, holding each one by the hand. He was so glad to see them, and so mortified to think he hadn't met them at the train; but the telegram had not preceded them by three minutes: here it was. And he fished the envelope

from the hearth and showed them the date of its receipt at the New York office. "The company ought to be sued for such delays," he said.

Thus he rattled on, while the ladies let their delighted eyes wander about the room. They had neither of them ever been in the apartments of a wealthy bachelor before, and they were astonished at his luxuriousness. John blushed to the roots of his hair as his eyes fell upon Leoni's portrait. He made some excuse to attract their attention to another part of the room, while he pulled a bit of drapery over the photograph, but not before Amy had seen that it was a ballet-dancer in tights. "Dear John was so considerate of her. He might have the picture of a dancing-girl in his room,—all men did have such pictures,—but when his *fiancée* came in, his first thought was to hide it from her sight. Even the photograph of a ballet-dancer, he considered, polluted the air she had to breathe."

Amy apologized for coming to his rooms, but her mother took the blame, saying she had come to him because she was so frightened at being in New York alone, where neither she nor Amy had ever been before. John blamed her in his kindest manner for thinking an apology necessary, and at once busied himself about brewing them a pot of tea. He was a tea-drinker himself, and he indulged in the very best teas. There were French rolls, too, and little balls of Darlington butter. Antonio set the table for them with John's daintiest dishes, and John waited upon them in his most gracious manner. They were charmed; and well they might be, if there is any charm in novelty. John's one fear was of being left alone with Amy, and he wanted to keep the conversation away from the trousseau as long as possible. After the ladies had eaten their rolls and drunk their tea, they said they must be off to the shops, and they expected John to accompany them. Amy wanted his opinion on some important matters, she said, blushing, and did hope he could go with them. John pulled out his watch, and, with an expression of genuine annoyance on his handsome face, said that it was just his hard luck; if he had only known of their coming in time, he could have arranged the matter, but as it was there was no help for it. There was an important meeting at the Mutual Dividend office at noon that would probably last all day. There would, however, be a recess for lunch, and at half-past one he could join them at Delmonico's and bring Rush with him. It would be a real old-fashioned family gathering. In the mean time, he would put them in a carriage and instruct the driver carefully, so they need have no fear of getting lost, and he would join them punctually at half-past one.

Amy was disappointed, but she bore her disappointment bravely. She felt sure that John would have gone with them had it been possible.

He had got to be such a man of business now; and he really had the worried look of a man who is bothered by his affairs. He looked well, though, in many ways. He was stouter than when he left Farmsted, and his complexion was ruddier; but she didn't quite like the expression of his eyes. It was restless and not at all happy. He seemed to be in the best of spirits, however, and his manner was about the same. He had not kissed her when she came in, but he kissed her as he led her down-stairs, and she was satisfied. So Amy and her mother went to buy the trousseau, and John went down to the office of *The Dawn* to see if he could find Rush. He was not there; he was off on his detective work; but, as luck would have it, John met him just turning into Fourth Street, and captured him for the lunch.

They were a merry party at Delmonico's. Amy was delighted to be with John once more, John was delighted to have Rush along to make the conversation general, and Rush was delighted to see that all was well between John and Amy. Once he turned the conversation towards the opera, for he was thinking of Helen; but John turned it in another direction, for he was thinking of Leoni.

The lunch-party was a success, and when it broke up John asked Rush to put the ladies on the train, as he had to return to that tiresome directors' meeting. So he shook hands with Amy and Mrs. Bayliss, and left them in Rush's care, congratulating himself upon the way everything had passed off. He really did have business at the Mutual Dividend office, and Mortimer was cursing him at that very moment for being away. He hurried back, and the two were locked up until after midnight in the private office, long after Amy Bayliss had fallen asleep, though the excitement of the day kept her awake unusually late, and long after Leoni had thrown her tired body on her little couch, to rest and dream of her husband.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN the mean time, the work of unearthing the murderer of Rose Effington was becoming more interesting. The man Johnson had come in from the West, and was sharing Rush's and Martin's vigils. The journalist and the detective anticipated an early *dénouement*. They were assured of one thing, which was that the apartment of Madame Fanny, Countess de Paris, was the place where they would be most likely to capture Costello. Martin had worked up a number of clues, and he was thoroughly satisfied that Costello would be caught

under Madame Fanny's roof. He learned that he had been a lover of Madame Fanny, and that, although he had lost his taste for her, she was still enamoured of him, and for the sake of seeing him occasionally and being in his confidence she was even willing to help him in his affairs with other women.

What most surprised Rush about this establishment of Madame Fanny's was that apparently respectable women visited it. They usually came closely veiled, and there was one whom he had seen as she passed his door whose figure haunted him. He certainly had met that woman somewhere, but where he could not tell. He thought of putting himself in her way some day, to see if she recognized him, but then he remembered that he did not want to be recognized, so he avoided meeting her, though his curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch. This mysterious lady was dressed in mourning and wore a long thick crêpe veil, and he noticed that she came in a hired coupé which waited for her a few doors away.

While awaiting developments in the Costello case, Rush had plenty of time to think. He would have had time to read, too, if he had wanted to, but he couldn't bring his mind to it. As a usual thing, he could find diversion in "The Virginians;" but, somehow or other, he could not keep his mind on the page. He could read no name but that of Helen Knowlton in the lines before him, so he set the book aside and thought. He thought of the woman's wonderful fascinations, —her beauty of face and figure, the set of her head upon her neck, the round whiteness of her arms and their exquisite texture, for once by an accident his hand had touched her arm, and he had never forgotten the sensation he experienced. It was as though he had touched a damask rose just picked from some cool garden-spot. He thought of all her little ways; of her true womanliness, with its strange combination of childlikeness; of her position in the world; of the men who, if there was anything in gossip, were madly in love with her; of West Hastings in particular, and his probable relations to her. Could it be possible that she really loved this cold, selfish man of the world, whose only attractions were his wealth and a certain polish that long contact with society had given him? She was worthy of a better man. And then he wondered at his own conceit. Wherein was he more worthy than West Hastings? He might not be quite as selfish, certainly he was not as cold, but he had neither the polish nor the wealth of his rival. "The polish be hanged!" he said to himself; "but the wealth I'll have, or perish in the winning. Perhaps not so much; but if I can't earn enough money to keep my wife in the manner she has been accustomed to and take her off the stage, I'll try some other business."

Then he would weigh his chances in case the field was clear, and in the mornings, when he felt bright and the world looked easy to conquer, he would feel greatly encouraged. Other days he would feel so blue and despondent that if he had not been young and healthy he would have ended his doubts and misery by jumping off the dock. But, for some reason or other, these dark days were few, and as a rule he looked upon his success with Helen Knowlton as merely a matter of time. He had heard Aunt Rebecca say that Helen was in no hurry to marry, and that she would not entertain the subject seriously until after she had "made her career." Just what Aunt Rebecca meant by this phrase he did not know, but it seemed to make his chances better, and he thought of it every time one of his despondent moods came on. Still, his chances did seem to be pretty poor compared with those of West Hastings; and when he thought of Helen's approaching trip to Europe with Hastings as a passenger on the same ship, his heart sank within him.

Archie Tillinghast, too, was in despair over the affairs of his heart. Bessie Archer seemed to get farther away from him every day. Her interests were not his interests, and she was becoming more and more intimate with O'Hara and Mrs. Pryor,—a pair for whom Archie had the most violent contempt. What could possess a clever, refined girl like Bessie, that she should associate so intimately with these two? He put it down to disease,—a disease of the brain, induced by misdirected mental activity. She craved intellectual excitement; and, as there was little to be got in the ordinary course of her life, she sought it in unnatural channels. Bessie Archer was a girl of strong character, but her strength had never been properly developed. As Archie said, "she had a morbid hankering after 'the great what is it?' and the lesser 'why not?' and between the two she fell to the floor."

Helen was too much absorbed in her profession to give any time to occult philosophies, so she and Bessie had not been much together of late. Helen had not only something else to think about, but her mind was too well balanced to have any leaning towards these follies of idle brains. She tried to take an interest in them for Bessie's sake, but the more she saw the less she cared for them. "Didn't it ever occur to you, Bessie," she said to her friend, "that if there was as much in these 'isms' as you think there is, a different class of people would be interested in them? that scientists rather than scatter-brains would be their investigators?" But Bessie replied that some of the most intellectual people she had ever met were believers in the unseen. Helen saw that argument would be useless: all she could do was to wait until Bessie's mind should take a new turn.

Owing to his love for Bessie, Archie could not possess his soul in

patience. He wanted to strangle O'Hara, throw Mrs. Pryor out of the window, and fight a duel with Rush. On this last point he had some doubts, for he couldn't exactly make out a case against his friend. He had an idea that Bessie was more than partial to him, yet he had to acknowledge that he had never seen Rush playing the rôle of lover. With these thoughts rankling in his breast, he rang his uncle Archer's bell one morning, determined to "have it out with Bessie," as he expressed it, and learn whether it was because she cared for some one else that she didn't care for him. James, the Archer factotum, answered the bell, and told him that Miss Bessie was out; but, seeing an expression of disappointment pass over Archie's face, he added, "I don't know, though, but you might find her, sir: I heard her order William to drive to No. — East Fourth Street."

"No. — East Fourth Street! Are you sure you heard aright, James?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly; and if you'll excuse me sayin' so, sir, I remember it partickler because I was surprised that Miss Bessie should be goin' to such a neighborhood."

"It's all right, no doubt, James; she must be going to visit some poor people: you know Miss Archer is very charitable."

"Indeed she be, sir; a more charitabler young lady I never know'd."

So Archie ran down the steps, and James shut the door.

"This is some of Mrs. Pryor's work," said Archie to himself. "She has dragged Bessie off to some of her mediums. A nice business, by Jove!—the daughter of Tillinghast Archer visiting a den in East Fourth Street! It's outrageous! I'll stand out in front of the damned place, and be ready in case of trouble." And he turned his aristocratic feet towards that unaristocratic quarter of the town.

Rush, Martin the detective, and the man Johnson were in a state of great excitement this morning. They had heard Madame Fanny, Countess de Paris, telling one of her confederates that she expected Costello there that very morning; that he was going to bring a young lady with him, "a great swell," whom he wanted to marry; that her father was a man of wealth, but that both he and the mother were prejudiced against Costello, although they knew nothing to his discredit. Costello, on the other hand, was determined to marry her. She had given him sufficient encouragement to make him believe that he could get her; and she was too great a prize to let slip through his fingers. "I am to give her the benefit of a trance, in which I am to tell her that it is written in the stars that she is to marry a certain man; and then I'll describe Cos. She will be overcome by the coincidence, while I will take no notice of it, but go on and tell of the great things that will come of this

union foreordained by heaven." And Madame Fanny broke into a harsh, vulgar laugh.

"And where do *you* come in? what do *you* get for this job?" asked her confederate.

"Oh, just you leave me alone for that. Cos has promised me a good slice out of the *dot*."

"Cos's promises are not selling above par nowadays, and don't you forget it."

"You needn't abuse Cos to me. He pays up when he can; but living with the swells is an expensive luxury, and takes almost all he can earn."

The other gave a grunt of contempt which showed that she did not share Madame Fanny's good opinion of Costello. Rush's indignation waxed high at this conversation, and he said to Martin that if he could get hold of that poor girl he would warn her in time.

"You would get no thanks," replied the detective. "Women have to find those things out for themselves."

They talked awhile on general subjects, and smoked a cigar apiece. When they had finished they heard footsteps on the stairs and a peculiar rap on Madame Fanny's door, which was quickly opened. A whispered conversation ensued, carried on in very low tones. This was followed by one voice speaking. The men in the back room could hear nothing that was said, but they had come to know the front-room sounds pretty well, and they recognized Madame Fanny's trance-voice. For a moment Madame Fanny ceased speaking, and they heard a man's low tones. Johnson sprang to his feet.

"By heaven, that's Costello's voice! I would know it in Hades!"

Martin put his hand over Johnson's mouth and whispered to him to keep still or he would spoil everything. Rush, too, became very much excited, for the voice sounded very familiar to him, though he could not place it. In a moment Madame Fanny went on with her trance, and then for a few minutes there was a pause. The three men stood by the door. Martin was to give the signal to Rush to burst it open, and Johnson was to stand by Madame Fanny's hall door to prevent Costello's escape. The three men were screwed up to a high pitch of excitement as they stood silently waiting the word of command. Suddenly they heard a sharp, shrill cry from a woman's voice:

"Don't you touch me! Help! help!"

Rush recognized the voice in a second, and his blood ran cold in his veins. Without waiting for Martin's signal, he put the edge of his jimmy in the crack of the door and gave it a fierce wrench. It rolled quickly back on its hinges, and the occupants of the darkened room

stood before him. Rush forgot all about the man he was looking for, and sprang to the woman's side.

"In God's name, Miss Archer, what are you doing here?" he exclaimed, in horror.

Pale and trembling, Bessie clasped his arm, too nervous and frightened to speak. But Costello, who was none other than O'Hara, stepped forward, and in his low, oily tones said,—

"This lady is in my care, Mr. Hurlstone: I will see that she gets home in safety." And he put out his hand as though to take her with him.

"You infernal scoundrel," said Rush, flinging him across the room with one hand, for Bessie was clinging to his other arm, "lay your finger on this lady and I'll dash your brains out against the wall!"

O'Hara smiled a smile of forgiveness, as one who felt sorry to see an amiable young gentleman possessed of so violent a temper.

"I'll take charge of this gentleman," said Martin, stepping up to O'Hara and displaying his badge. "Dennis Costello, I arrest you for the murder of Rose Effington!"

Costello's face became livid, and he crouched against the wall, but soon found voice to speak.

"You have mistaken your man, my good sir. My name is Dionysius O'Hara, and I never before heard the name of the lady you mention. If you will excuse me, I will bid you good-morning. I am an artist, and I have a distinguished sitter waiting at my studio." And he made a step towards the door.

Martin had no thought of letting him go, but he didn't mind playing with him a moment.

"Your name is not Dennis Costello, you say?"

"No, sir, my name is not Dennis Costello; and with your permission I will take my leave." As he advanced towards the door Rush made a movement as though to stop him, but Martin winked at him and at the door, the knob of which Costello hastily turned. As the door opened, the giant form of Johnson appeared in the hall.

"At last!" exclaimed Johnson, whose face was almost black with rage. "At last! Dennis Costello, murderer of Rose Effington, I have got you!"

Martin sprang forward and released Costello's throat from Johnson's grasp, for he didn't want justice to be outwitted in this way. Costello saw that there was no use in denying his identity any longer. Johnson knew him, and he knew Johnson. He stepped back out of his assailant's reach, and gently touched his throat with his fingers as though to see if any harm had been done.

"Your friend is a brute, my dear sir," said he, turning to Martin. "I thank you for your assistance."

"Don't you talk about brutes, Dennis Costello: a man who could murder an inoffensive woman is too vile a brute to live. I have traced this story to its end, and I have found you the murderer of Rose Effington." And Johnson looked very much as though he was going to fly at Costello's throat again.

"Of the two of us," said Costello, quietly, "I think that our violent friend here looks the most like a murderer. His accusation is false. I will not deny an acquaintance with the lamented Miss Effington, but I deny that I had any hand in her untimely taking off. It was a clear case of suicide, poor girl."

"You will have a chance to prove this in the courts if you can; in the mean time I must ask you to come with me, and I am afraid you will have to wear these," said Martin, taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

"I will go with you if it is any accommodation," replied Costello, "but don't ask me to wear those. I can't bear to see a man with bangles on his wrists: it is really too effeminate. Besides, I should like to smoke a cigarette, with your permission." And, taking a Honradez from a little case in his pocket, he rolled and lighted it. "Now, sir, if you are ready, I am. Before I go, however, I should like to have one word alone with this lady," motioning with his cigarette towards Bessie, who only clung the tighter to Rush's arm.

"You scoundrel," said Rush, "don't you dare even to turn your eyes in this direction."

"As you will," said Costello. "I am sorry to have offended you, Miss Archer. I think I could have explained away this mystery if you had allowed me; but I never force my society upon a lady. Good-morning and good-by." And he made a courtly bow as he reached the door. Then, turning suddenly, he said, "How rude of me! I had forgotten Fanny. Fanny, my dear, where are you? are you going to let your Cos go without saying good-by?"

This was too much for Madame Fanny, who had hid behind a curtain when the trouble began. She loved Costello in her way, and she knew enough about the Effington affair to know that she would never see him again. With the tears streaming down her painted cheeks and her hair awry, she came out from behind the curtain, and was in the act of throwing herself upon his bosom, when he held her gently back.

"Don't be so demonstrative, Fanny: it's vulgar, my dear." Taking her hand, "Good-by: you have been a faithful friend." And, putting his arm through Martin's, he left the room, followed by Johnson, who

did not intend that Costello should escape him this time. Madame Fanny threw herself upon the rickety sofa, and Rush hurried Bessie out of the room, saying, "This is no place for you: you must get home as soon as possible. I will take you, of course."

"The carriage is waiting for me a few doors below," said Bessie, in a trembling voice, speaking for the first time.

They soon found it, and Bessie and Rush got in and drove off.

But not unseen.

Besides the ragged urchins who stood along the curb gazing at the unusual sight of a fine carriage and a lady and gentleman in East Fourth Street, there was a man standing in the shadow of the house across the way who watched them and ground his teeth. This was Archie Tillinghast, who had been haunting this neighborhood for the last half-hour. He had kept his eye on No. — and on the carriage. He had not seen Bessie go in, but had seen her come out, and with Rush. He saw that she was pale and agitated, and that she clung tightly to Rush's arm. What did it mean? Had Rush Hurlstone, his friend, whom he had always supposed to be an honorable gentleman, taken Bessie Archer to a low fortune-teller's rooms? It looked very much like it. The world had indeed gone wrong. Whom could one trust after this?

Grieved to the heart, miserable and unhappy, Archie went down to the office of his paper, got a leave of absence, and took passage on a steamer sailing for Bermuda that afternoon. He would at least have a change of scene for a few days; he might feel better when he got back.

When Bessie found herself alone in the carriage with Rush, she put her hands over her eyes and sobbed passionately. He said nothing, because he did not know what to say. He thought of fifty different things, but they did not seem quite adequate to the occasion, and he left them unsaid. Bessie was the first to speak.

"I don't know what to say, Mr. Hurlstone,—how to explain my presence at that place, nor how to thank you for rescuing me."

"Neither explanation nor thanks are necessary, Miss Archer: it is enough for me to know that I have been of service to you."

"But I feel that I owe you both, and I will not be satisfied until I have at least made an effort to pay the debt."

The eyes she turned upon Rush were filled with tears, and their usual "I-can-take-care-of-myself" expression was gone.

"I believed Mr. O'Hara, or whatever his name may be, to be a clever man, whom men disliked because women liked him. That he seemed to be so thoroughly posted in occult sciences interested me. I am an idle girl, Mr. Hurlstone; I have no outside interests to occupy

my time or mind; and when he talked to me of things I knew nothing about, I was fascinated, and wanted to know more. He told me of a wonderful Madame Fanny who could tell strange truths while in a trance, and he got my curiosity so aroused that I promised I would go with him to see her. He didn't urge me, but he played upon my curiosity, and finally a day was named. Mrs. Pryor was to chaperon us, but just before we reached the medium's house she remembered something that she had to attend to, and said that if we would go on she would rejoin us before we had time to miss her. I now believe that she had no intention of rejoining us. From the moment I crossed Madame Fanny's threshold I began to feel uncomfortable. I had never been in such a place before, and it frightened me. Mr. O'Hara was very reassuring, however. He said it was a pretty hard-looking place, but that we should only be there a short time, and he thought I would be repaid for my venture. The very look of Madame Fanny was enough to disgust one before she spoke a word, and when her assumed trance commenced I wished myself anywhere but there. She began by dealing in glittering generalities, and then she became personal, saying that there was a man waiting to marry me; that we were much alike and very sympathetic—Bah! I cannot think of it without a shudder! Finally, O'Hara came across the room and took hold of my hand and asked me if I could any longer doubt that he was the man whom fate had selected for my husband. The room was almost dark, but I could see his cat-like eyes shining close to my face. I screamed for help: you came, and I was saved." She sank shuddering among the cushions. "I make no excuse for myself. I acted the part of a fool, and I was punished for my folly; but I tremble to think what might have been the consequences if you had not been there."

Rush told her how he had been searching for weeks for the murderer of Rose Effington, but that he had never dreamed that O'Hara and Costello were one and the same, and he could not help rejoicing that the man was to be dealt with according to his deserts. For taking a young lady into a vile den, however, he could not be punished. Rush might have horsewhipped him, but that would only have led to a public scandal. Rush regretted that Bessie should have had such an experience, but he felt that it had not been lost, as it would end her longing for the "occult." When they arrived at Gramercy Park, Rush left her at her door. To her father and mother she made a full confession of what had happened, but, except Rush, no one else knew of the adventure in East Fourth Street until some years later, when she made a clean breast of it to Archie.

After leaving Bessie, Rush went down to the Tombs, where he found

Johnson and Martin with Costello. The latter was committed to await trial, and Rush, brimming over with the excitement of the day, hurried to the office of *The Dawn*, where he told the city editor of his success and sat down to write out his story. He wrote steadily until he had turned out enough copy to fill half a page of the paper,—including, of course, a quarter-of-a-column “display head” which the city editor put over the story.

It was a capital story. He rehearsed the career of the popular actress, telling how she disappeared from the public gaze and remained unheard of until the fact of her death became known. It was said that she died in a miserable tenement in Newark, New Jersey. How she got there no one knew, nor what caused her death. Some thought it was from malpractice; others, that she had taken her own life; others, again, that she had been murdered. Then Rush told the romantic story of the man now in jail accused of her murder; how under an assumed name he had lived a double life, and at the time of his arrest was the most popular painter in New York City, with half the young women of wealth and fashion waiting to sit to him for their portraits. Rush was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, and his pen flew across the paper. He threw in just the right amount of light and shade, and made a story that was copied far and wide. Bessie Archer's connection with the affair he, of course, never mentioned, nor did he even hint that there was a lady in the murderer's company when he was arrested. As it was, the article made a profound sensation. If it had been known that Tillinghast Archer's daughter was with Costello in Madame Fanny's den, society would have had a still choicer morsel to discuss.

When a copy of the paper containing this story reached the proprietor of *The Dawn*, in London, the Duke of Bellefort was breakfasting with him in his gorgeous house in Hyde Park. “What do you think of that?” said Plummett, handing him the paper. The duke had known Rose Effington well, and he glanced carefully over the article.

“It's a damned good story, and damned well told.”

After breakfast Plummett cabled to the managing editor to give Mr. Rush Hurlstone a check for five hundred dollars and make him foreign editor on a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. Rush was delighted that his work had pleased his chief, was thankful for the five hundred dollars (which, by the way, John borrowed and forgot to return), but he was rather staggered by his appointment to the foreign editorship, and so expressed himself.

“A *Dawn* man is supposed to be equal to any situation,” said the managing editor. “The fact that you are not particularly well posted

on foreign matters does not prevent your becoming so. You will be good enough to report for duty at the foreign desk on Monday. This is Wednesday. You have the intervening time to enjoy yourself in."

Rush was too anxious to do himself credit in his new position to devote these few days to enjoyment: so he spent most of the time in reading the files of the foreign exchanges; for during the past few weeks his attention had been devoted to local rather than to foreign matters.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD REFRAIN.

THERE sighed a rhymers, loitering
Down in the meadow-clover,—
What shall I sing this morn of spring?
For my songs are all sung over.

Whisper, O wandering wind of the West,
Thou happy, happy rover,
What hast thou learned from thy latest quest?
For my songs are all sung over.

Murmur, O bee, in sweet eclipse,
Down in the blossoming clover,
What honey is freshest on thy lips?
For my songs are all sung over.

Warble, O thrush, on the balancing bough,
The mystery discover,
What newest notes of the spring hast thou?
For my songs are all sung over.

But never the wind, nor the bird on the spray,
Nor the bee deep down in the clover,
Ceased from singing the livelong day
The old song over and over.

Kate Putnam Osgood.

TWO PASSIONS AND A CARDINAL VIRTUE.

A STORY OF TWO LONDON JUNES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TOM BRUTON.

ARTHUR GORDON.

DUFFUS, afterwards LORD PLUMTRE.

MAJOR BRANDYBALL.

MR. WELTEBS.

LADY STRANGEWAYS.

LADY MARY MABERLY, afterwards

LADY WELTEBS.

Walking Gentlemen, and others; Walking Ladies.

ACT I.—JUNE, 1861.

SCENE I.—A chamber in the Inner Temple.

(The room is carelessly kept, and full of everything, like that in Dürer's "Melancholia." There are several book-cases; leaning up in the corners, or more generally disposed behind pieces of furniture with some effort at concealment, are cricket-bats, tennis-rackets, guns, rods, Indian clubs, polo-mallets, and other sporting-articles. In the centre is a table, covered with books bound in law-calf, papers, newspapers, a barrister's wig, and one prominent document, with "Twistleton v. Gragg, Brief," legibly written on the back. Most of the chairs are also filled with papers and reports. Two large arm-chairs, well worn and precisely alike, are the only unoccupied articles of furniture; these are placed on either side of the centre-table. R. and L. are two closet doors; C., the entrance-door of the room.)

(Enter TOM and ARTHUR. They come in without a word, both yawning, and throw back their overcoats, revealing evening dress. Tom crosses to closet R., and Arthur to closet L.; each throws open a closet door; the closets are filled with clothing, hanging on hooks, and boots, boxes, and bottles on the floor. Tom comes out with a demijohn, and Arthur with a siphon of soda. As they return to the centre-table, Tom sweeps across the top of it with his arm extended straight, brushing off all the books, papers, wig, etc., which fall in a heap on the floor. Arthur picks up the wig and shies it into one of the arm-chairs, then fetches two glasses and places them on the empty table. Tom pours out an inch of brandy in each glass, swinging the demijohn on the back of his arm, and pouring from his shoulder. As he pours, Arthur presses the valve and fills each glass with soda. They simultaneously raise their glasses to their lips. Arthur only sips his, but Tom drinks his glass off and refills it. Both remove their overcoats and take off their boots, which they fling into the vestibule of the entrance-door; each pulls a pair of slippers from under the arm-chair nearest him, puts them on his feet, and throws himself back into the chair. Both sigh. A silence.)

TOM. Well, old man?

Arthur. Well, old boy?

(*Another silence. Tom drinks more brandy-and-soda. As he gets up, he finds that he has been sitting on the wig, which has powdered his trousers. He hurls it savagely into the closet from which he took the demijohn. Arthur lights a cigarette.*)

Arthur. Pretty slow to-night, wasn't it?

Tom (*grunts affirmation. Then, after a moment, monosyllabically*). Sweet champagne.

Arthur. They ought to ice it. (*After a pause, bitterly*) It was the only thing that needed icing.

Tom (*looks up quickly at Arthur, who avoids his glance*). Who were you talking to, most of the time?

Arthur (*carelessly*). Oh, I don't know,—Miss Moidore, Miss Golding, old Lady Bowler, Giroflé and Girofla—

Tom (*meditatively*). They say they give a chromo away with those girls. Who else?

Arthur. No one in particular. Who did you?

Tom (*taken by surprise*). Why, I—I—oh, I saw Lady Mary, and——

Arthur. So did I.

(*Another pause. Tom takes more soda, and Arthur another cigarette. The dawn comes through a window, front, and the light falls on Arthur's face.*)

Tom. Arthur, old man, you look pale. You're doing too much of this sort of thing. You're grinding too hard. You can't stand it, the way I can.

Arthur. It's not the work, old boy. (*Takes up the brief.*) Look at that brief,—yellow already. It's the last one.

Tom. You keep it on show too long. It gets shop-worn. Hasn't old Scrivener sent you anything lately?

Arthur. No. I didn't speak to his daughter at the Manners's.

Tom. That party you danced with Lady Mary?

Arthur. Yes.

Tom. Slow work getting on in our profession.

Arthur (*nods*).

Tom. Lucky we neither of us want to get married.

Arthur. Yes, yes. (*Rises and walks to the window.*)

Tom (*soliloquizing*). Now, the Church fellows—they all get good fat livings; and yet they talk about making them celibate again. I wish Pusey and those chaps would just try the law for a while. We don't get any living. (*Stops and looks at Arthur, who is drumming on the window-pane.*) Now, if a barrister falls in love, he's got to wait till he's sixty before he dare propose. And then the girl don't want him.

(*Rises and walks to the closet for another siphon of soda.*) And if she does, it's a chance if he wants her. (*Drinks soda.*) It's too long a term. It's funding matrimony,—that's what it is. And there's not even a sinking fund,—except our hearts. Heigho! (*Sits down and takes a pipe.*) Now, most girls want their bonds—promises to marry—redeemable at sight, convertible into cash; offers only considered C. O. D. They're mercenary creatures. Now, even Lady Mary—she's a nice girl.

Arthur (who all this time has been drumming on the window-pane, now returns to his seat). She is a nice girl, Tom.

Tom (puffing at his pipe). I know it. I said so.

Arthur. Tom, do you remember the time when I dropped the lexicon on Tiffin major's tarts, and you punched Tiffin major's head because he thrashed me?

Tom. I do.

Arthur. And the time you got those ribs broken, playing all Surrey?

Tom. I rather think I do.

Arthur. And the time we got afloat in the coble and were picked up by that dirty fisherman?

Tom. I should think so.

Arthur (draws a long sigh). How the beggar did starve us, though! And we half drowned! Ah, those were glorious times!

Tom. They were, indeed. But, Arthur, you forget the summer I stayed at your house,—after my father died.

Arthur (quickly). Let's see. How long was that tart-scape ago? Fifteen years?

Tom. Sixteen.

Arthur. Sixteen years! By Jove! Sixteen years! (*Walks to the window again.*) Tom, old boy, I'm going to quit the law.

Tom (gruffly). Nonsense, young 'un! Wait till that great case—what was it? Twistleton and Gragg—gets into the reports.

Arthur (quietly). Yes, Tom, I'm going to—to Australia.

Tom (starts). The devil! What—what's up? Come, come, youngster, don't get off any more jokes as bad as that one. It's too early in the morning. Wait till court's in session.

Arthur (closes the shutters, which shuts out the dawn and makes the room lighted only by the gaslight again). Yes, Tom, old boy,—you're the only fellow that I want to tell this to; and perhaps I shouldn't tell you, by daytime,—yes, I am going off—to Van Diemen's Land, to—to have a try at sheep-farming. You ask what's up. It's—it's all up with me, old fellow. (*Sees his glass standing, still full, and drinks it off quickly.*)

Tom (constrainedly). Good Lord, young 'un ! has—has Miss Scrivener proposed ? (*Laughs.*)

Arthur. I never thought we'd have to cut loose from one another, Tom : it's been very pleasant, knowing you, these sixteen years, old boy. We've had many a long talk late at night, Tom, you and I, and this is the latest of all, perhaps, and the last. I know we shall never talk like this in the daytime, Tom ; and (*carelessly*), Tom—you know, I—am in love.

Tom (after a pause, slowly). Lady Mary Maberly.

Arthur. Lady Mary Maberly.

Tom (gravely). Arthur, so am I.

Arthur. I knew it, old boy ! I knew it ! Wish you joy, old boy ! you know I do,—every joy in the world ! (*Rises, and, going to the closet, rattles in it ; upsets a box of cigars, picks one of them up, and puts the wrong end in his mouth.*)

Tom. Go slow, old man ; go slow. How do you know you're not the happy man ? (*with a smile.*) You can't expect her to ask you, like Miss Scrivener.

Arthur (surprised). Why, Tom, you were with her all the last part of the evening,—I saw you,—and I supposed, of course—— She treated me like an iceberg. I stayed with her as long as I could,—nearly all the evening.

Tom (waggishly). Nearly all the evening ? And, pray, where were Miss Moidore, and Miss Golding, and old Lady Bowler, and Giroflé and Giroflà ? You seemed to talk more of them just now. But, seriously, Arthur, I went up when you left, and very prettily did she snub me in consequence, I can tell you.

Arthur. Ah, Tom, that's all very well ; it's very good of you to say these things ; but New Zealand is the place for me : I've quite decided on that.

Tom. A moment ago it was Australia, and just now Van Diemen's Land ! (*Seriously*) Arthur, dear boy, if I had your chance of winning Lady Mary Maberly, I—I should be—— (*Tom in turn rises and walks to the window, drumming on the window-pane. A long silence.*)

Arthur. Tom, dear old boy, suppose she loves neither of us ?

Tom (laughing). That, old man, is quite impossible.

Arthur. Tom, you'll excuse gush, but I'm not sure I don't care a good deal for you, just the same. Suppose——

Tom. Thanks, old chap. Same to you. (*Salutes.*)

Arthur. Suppose—we're neither of us very rich——

Tom (decisively). Lady Mary don't care for money.

Arthur (angrily). Of course not ! Don't be a fool. I was going to

say, we mustn't have any row, you know,—any dispute,—any angry words, even.

Tom. We won't have any row.

Arthur. We must back each other up all we can, and then let the best man win.

Tom. And the one that don't win will be "best man," hey? Here's to the wedding! Your hand on it, old fellow!

Arthur. Your hand on it! though you're the one, Tom, I know very well.

Tom. Not by a jugful, old man. I only wish you could have seen her snub me! and then the way she looked after you, when you went off with Miss Moidore!

Arthur. Did she? did she really look after me?

Tom. Aha! Price of wool gone down in Van Diemen's Land, eh?

Arthur (savagely). Don't make an ass of yourself, Tom. I'll only wait over a steamer or so, to make sure you're the man and wish you joy. Tom, I've got ten thousand pounds, more or less. How much have you?

Tom. Eight.

Arthur. Tom Bruton, I've got a proposition. We put the eighteen thousand in a common pot; the man who wins her keeps all but one thousand, which you give to me to start me off with. We can't have Lady Mary marry too poor a fellow, though she doesn't care for money. She must be treated like a lady. Heigho! we're none too rich between us.

Tom. But you've got ten thousand, and I've got only eight.

Arthur (hastily). Never mind about details. How shall we tell—how shall we determine whom she loves? That is the main question, after all.

Tom. I don't know. (*As if an idea struck him*) Heads or tails?

Arthur. Nonsense, Tom! Don't jest about it.

Tom. It can't be hard to find out. There must be some way, if she cares for either of us (*reflectively*). We might even ask her, you know.

Arthur. Let the next party decide it. Where do we see her next?

Tom. Shropshire House.

Arthur. Shropshire House,—even if we have to ask her. This suspense must be ended. It is terrible to be enemies. Tom, you must ask her first.

Tom. No, no, Arthur: you take first try. (*He goes to the window and opens it; the broad sunlight streams in.*) Poor boy, you look pale!

Arthur. So much the more chance for you, old fellow!

Tom. Go to bed, Arthur; go to bed. I'll see old Scrivener if he comes.

Arthur. No, no, Tom; too much trouble. I'll take it out in wet towels this time; I've been a lazy fellow, you know, these sixteen years. Tom, my boy (*he puts one hand on each of Tom's shoulders, and looks at him a moment*), I'm sorry it's coming so soon.

SCENE II.—*A Club in Pall-Mall.*

(*MAJOR BRANDYBALL, sitting in the window, with a bottle of soda-water. Men keep coming in and passing through the room; they all nod to the major. Tables covered with newspapers, glasses, etc. In the foreground an old gentleman, sitting on a pile of newspapers, asleep.*)

(*Enter First Gentleman, L.*)

How are you, major?

Major. How are you?

(*First Gentleman comes forward and picks up the newspapers from the table, one after the other. Not finding the one he wants, he tries to pull one out from under the gentleman in the chair. A loud snore is the only response. Enter Second Gentleman.*)

Second Gentleman. How d'ye do, major?

Major. How d'ye do?

(*Second Gentleman goes up to written placard on the wall. Enter Third Gentleman.*)

Third Gent. Halloo, major!

Major. Halloo, Charlie!

(*Charlie comes forward and passes First Gentleman; each stares at the other.*)

First Gent. What's new, major?

Major. Nothing much.

First Gent. Lord Strangeways got his divorce, I hear.

Major. It's all in the evening paper.

First Gent. Yes, and old Snawker's on the evening paper. I'd like to light 'em up under the old hulk, some day. (*False exit.*)

Third Gent. Who's that fellow who just went out?

Major. He's a member here: that's young——

Second Gent. (interrupting). I see that fellow Welters is up here.

First Gent. (returning at the remark). Yes, I saw it too,—with some surprise, I confess.

Third Gent. (joining the group in the window). Who's Welters? (*Stares again at First Gentleman.*)

Major (dryly). Ah, Charlie,—Mr. (*mumbles*), Mr. (*mumbles*; pan-

tomime of introduction of Third Gentleman to First Gentleman. Both look at each other angrily.) Oh, Welters is a fellow in the City; made no end of money.

Second Gent. Contractor?

First Gent. Cotton-broker?

Major. No: stock-broker, I believe.

Both. Oh!

Major. Friends of the Lauristons.

All. Ah!

Second Gent. Pretty girl, that Lady Mary Maberly.

First Gent. Bad year, this, for pretty girls.

(DUFFUS enters, L.; nods to the group in the window; Third Gentleman leaves and joins him. They walk forward. The others draw together more closely and speak a little lower.)

Second Gent. Now, whom do you suppose, major, they can enter that girl for? Nothing under a cup will set old Lauriston on his legs.

Major. I saw young Arthur Gordon with her a good deal, last night.

First Gent. Tom Bruton's pretty sweet that way, I fancy.

Second Gent. Now, I wonder if those fellows are asses enough to think they can get that girl? Take my word for it, Welters is the man. I see Strangeways is backing him here. Strangeways, you know, is the old lady's brother. Welters put him into stocks.

Major. Nice girl is Lady Mary,—nice girl as ever was. I don't know much about Welters.

Duffus to Third Gent. (walking forward). What do you know about her family?

Third Gent. Very respectable; one of the best in the island. No end of go in her, too. Lady Lauriston was a St. Leger.

Duffus. So poor old Strangeways has got out of his scrape at last.

Third Gent. So I see. Pretty nearly ruined, too. Well, well! that comes of marrying a girl without a penny. She always gets even with you by spending yours.

Duffus. Perhaps you don't look quite so close, either, if she has all the pennies; eh, eh?

Third Gent. Ha, ha! Let's read the trial. *(Pulls newspaper from under Snawker; in doing so, shakes the handkerchief off his head. Snawker opens his eyes and looks around confusedly.)*

First Gent. (in the window). Look at Strangeways' new ponies. Well, well, I bet on Welters, every time.

(All rush to the window and look out, except the major.)

Major. For a pony?

Second Gent. For a pony if you like.

Major. Done. (*They take out their books and note it. Enter Tom and Arthur, L.*) Egad, for once in my life I'll back young lovers against old money-bags: ha, ha!

All. Halloo, Gordon! How are you, Bruton?

Tom and Arthur. How are you, major? How are you? (*Exeunt.*)

Third Gent. (*front, reading the newspaper*). Here's the place; here's her evidence; Strangeways' counsel cross-examines.

(*All look over his shoulder eagerly.*)

SCENE III.—*Shropshire House.*

(*A conservatory, brilliantly lighted. C., a wide door, open, through which dancing is occasionally seen in a distant room. R. and L., two large banana palms. Front, a low ottoman, shaded by a mass of orange-trees. Throughout the scene there is a nearly continuous sound of music from the dancing-room. Ladies and gentlemen keep passing through, arm in arm; now and then a footman with a tray of negus or ices. Enter LADY LAURISTON, with LADY MARY MABERLY.*)

Lady Mary. See, mamma! isn't the conservatory lovely?

Lady Lauriston. Yes, dear; almost like the one in Pinelands.

Lady Mary. And, oh! just look at those banana-trees! Aren't they superb?

Lady Lauriston. Ah, my dear, we had much finer ones before your papa had to sell Pinelands.

(*Lady Mary keeps looking about among the shrubs, as if expecting some one, but pretending to be examining the plants and flowers. Arthur appears from behind one of the palms and approaches Lady Lauriston. Lady Mary takes a step forward; just then Brandyball passes through from R. to C., and Lady Lauriston, who has pretended not to see Arthur, advances to meet Brandyball.*)

Lady Lauriston. Ah, dear major! a familiar face at last. (*Arthur stands front and bites his lips.*) Mary, my dear, you know Major Brandyball, I am sure: one of my oldest friends.

(*The major bows and smiles. Lady Mary murmurs, "Delighted, I am sure," and looks at Arthur; the major also looks at Arthur, and makes as if he would escape.*)

Lady Lauriston. Come, major, we can't let you off in this way. You must give my daughter your arm. One is really in need of protection in this house: there is positively no one here we know. (*Looks at Arthur.*)

Major (bowing again, and repeating *Lady Mary's* words). Delighted, I am sure.

(*Exeunt, leaving Arthur standing alone in the room. As soon as they disappear, Arthur flings himself upon the ottoman and covers his face in his hands. A burst of music is heard from the dancing-room.*)

Tom (coming out from behind the other palm-tree). Never mind, old fellow. Cheer up. Never mind the Dowager (placing his hand on *Arthur's* shoulder, who is still inconsolable). You're not going to marry the Dowager.

Arthur. Ah, old boy, I told you so. It's no use. She might have spoken to me instead of old Brandyball.

Tom. Nonsense! How could she, when her mother shot her at him in that fashion? Unless I'm much mistaken, old Brandyball didn't like the job.

Arthur (savagely). She'd flirt with anybody.

Tom. Come, old man, none of that! You forget she's my girl too. Look out! here they come.

(*Both dodge back hastily, each behind a palm-tree. Enter the MAJOR and LADY MARY, L.*)

Major. So you don't like society, eh?

Lady Mary (ingenuously). I think I'm just beginning to learn to like it.

Major. Ah, it's a great thing,—I may say, the only thing,—when you get used to it. I fancy you're not much out yet?

Lady Mary. Oh, but indeed we go to two or three houses every night.

Major. And don't the men treat you well? Ah, *Lady Mary*, you can't make me believe that.

Lady Mary. I don't much care for the men,—especially the younger men. They're so stupid, and they have so little to say for themselves.

Major. Ah, poor things! they say a great deal too much for themselves, sometimes. Well, my young lady, you'll come to it in time,—when you've bagged a few of these same young men: *l'appétit vient en mangeant*; it's not bad sport.

(*An elderly gentleman, and a young lady elegantly dressed, pass across the stage from R. to L. The major rises and bows.*)

Lady Mary. Who was that?

Major. Don't you know the Duke of Trappington? That was his new duchess. Her mother was a cook.

Lady Mary. How can such creatures come into society?

Major. Beauty, dear Lady Mary ; 'tis their beauty does it. Duke looks well to-night ; doesn't show his years.

Lady Mary. I thought the duchess was rather—rather——

Major. Yes, I understand,—a little vulgar, perhaps, or, rather, over-dressed. But, dear me, what can you expect when you think of her origin ? Beautiful arm, though,—for pasties. Eh, eh ?

Lady Mary (is silent a moment). How quiet it is here !

Major. Yes, yes ; a little lonely, perhaps. Shall we—shall we go into the dancing-room ?

(They rise, and cross R.)

Arthur (sotto voce, to Tom, behind the palm-trees). Go in, Tom.

(Tom follows after them. Enter LADY LAURISTON. She meets Arthur, who does not expect her to recognize him.)

Lady Lauriston. Ah, Mr.— How do you do, Mr. Gordon ? I was afraid—— Ah, you have not seen Lady Mary ?

Arthur (with studied politeness). I have not had the pleasure of meeting Lady Mary. I saw her a moment ago——

Lady Lauriston. With Major Brandyball ?

Arthur. With Tom Bruton.

Lady Lauriston (agitated). Which way did they go ?

Arthur. That way, I believe *(showing Lady Lauriston L., the opposite direction to the one Tom had taken).*

(Exit Lady Lauriston. Enter TOM and LADY MARY, R. Lady Mary is blushing violently. She is holding a red rose in one hand, and looking straight before her.)

Arthur. Ah ! *(sighs deeply, and exit, C., towards the dancing.)*

(Tom and Lady Mary sit down.)

Tom. And so, Lady Mary, we decided—Arthur and I—that we should see you to-night, and ask——

(Enter LADY LAURISTON, L., hastily.)

Lady Lauriston. Oh, my dear, where have you been all this time ? The Earl of Goodwood has been asking for you, and young Dick Porto, and Mr. Bullion says you positively promised him the last dance.

Lady Mary. Mamma, surely you remember Mr. Bruton.

Lady Lauriston. Pray forgive me, Mr. Bruton. I—would you kindly mind getting me some seltzer ? It is really very warm. *(Exit Tom.)* Mary, I am positively ashamed of you. The Duke of Trappington——

Lady Mary. I hate the Duke of Trappington !

Lady Lauriston. Why, when did you ever see him? His Grace was kind enough to ask if I had a daughter in society. Here comes Miss Maggot.

(Enter a thin, swarthy young lady, much décolletée, with DUFFUS in full uniform.)

Ah, my dear Miss Maggot,—so charmed at last——

(Miss Maggot is quite taken up with her cavalier, and passes by without heeding Lady Lauriston.)

How such a person can ever have worked her way into society—but, my dear Mary, money will do everything nowadays. I hear she is one of the most fashionable girls in town. Come, we must go back; I haven't seen you dance this evening. I think the duke—— *(Exeunt.)*

(Enter TOM, with a glass of water, L.; ARTHUR, R.)

Both (together). Did you give her that rose?

Tom. Where are they?

Arthur. Gone with young Duffus, I fancy.

Tom (throws his glass of seltzer into the orange-trees, angrily). Her mother only wanted to get rid of me. I didn't give her the rose. I'd only just begun; had hardly started——

Arthur. It was Duffus, then.

(Both exeunt, in different directions. Enter the MAJOR and LADY MARY.)

Major. You seem to like this conservatory.

Lady Mary. It is so pleasant and cool after the ball-room.

Major. Devilish pleasant,—and deuced cool. I suspect young Duffus didn't find it so when he came in here a few minutes ago. If ever man was potted, he was. She's a lucky girl.

Lady Mary. Whom do you mean?

Major. That Maggot woman. I believe she's going to marry young Duffus.

Lady Mary. Do you mean that young man in uniform who just passed through? Impossible! He's a mere boy.

Major. My dear young lady, think of the title. Who could resist it? He will be Earl of Plumtre one of these days. It's a fashionable title, too. Rank will do anything.

Lady Mary (sighs). I'm afraid you're all very worldly, major. First you said it was beauty; then mamma said it was money; and now it is rank.

Major. Never mind, my dear girl: you'll learn it in time. I remember when your moth—other ladies who were just like you once. And they all say you're to be the fashion this year.

(Enter TOM, L., and goes behind a palm-tree.)

And I'm sure, if you'll suffer a compliment from an old man like me——

(Enter ARTHUR, R., diffidently.)

Arthur. Good-evening, Lady Mary. I——

Lady Mary. Good-evening, Mr. Gordon.

Arthur. I'm so glad to meet you this evening. I—I—— How do you do, major?

Major (gravely). How do you do, Gordon? (Throughout the conversation he watches Gordon closely.)

Arthur. I wanted to tell you that—ch——

(Lady Mary looks down, twirling the rosebud. Arthur stammers and recovers himself.)

It is a very pleasant party, is it not, Lady Mary?

Lady Mary. Delightful.

Major. So pleasant to see you young people enjoy yourselves! You were about to say——

Arthur. Oh, yes: I—I wanted to tell you that I met Lady Lauriston, and she told me to—that is, I was about to ask you to—to dance, Lady Mary.

Lady Mary. Thank you, but it is very hot. I am resting.

Major. I must go back to Lady Lauriston. (Exit.)

Arthur. I wished very much to tell you——

Major (going out the wide door, C., meets Lady Lauriston). Have you seen your daughter, Lady Lauriston?

Lady Lauriston. No: is she not in there?

Major. No; I think she is in the ball-room. May I take you there?

(Their voices disappear in the distance.)

Arthur. That—that I loved you, Mary——

Lady Mary. Ah! (She rises hastily; a long pause; both are standing.)

Arthur. Will you not tell me?

Major (heard speaking loudly in the distance). I surely thought they were in the dancing-room: they must have left just as we entered.

Lady Mary. Oh, I hear my mother! I must go!

Arthur. Will you not tell me? (He seizes her hand.)

Lady Mary. Oh, I do not know! Oh, let me go!

(She breaks away from Arthur, and goes in the direction of the major's voice.)

Major (entering the door, C.). Is Lady Mary here?

Lady Mary (to Arthur, softly, as if answering the major). Yes.

(As she goes to meet the major, she drops her rose upon the floor, near Arthur.)

Exit Lady Mary, with the major. Arthur seizes the rose and kisses it, then

holds it in his hands, looking at it rapturously. Tom comes out from behind the palm-tree. Arthur drops his hand, looking at him.

Tom. Congratulate you, dear Arthur.

Arthur. Tom !

Tom. Good—good-by, old fellow. (*Goes to the door, C.; figures are seen passing, to waltz-music.*)

Arthur. Where are you going? (*Starts after him; Tom waves him back.*) What are you going to do?

Tom. I'm going—sheep-farming,—in Van Diemen's Land. (*Exit hastily.*)

ACT II.—JUNE, 1881.

SCENE I.—*Boudoir in the house of Lady Mary Welters.* LADY MARY WELTERS; LADY STRANGEWAYS.

Lady Mary (*laying down the paper listlessly*). Who is this man they call the Nugget?

Lady Strangeways (*eagerly*). Why, what of him? Has he been doing anything new?

Lady Mary. New? No. Always the same. I can't take up a paper but I read about the Nugget. I am weary of him. I haven't a friend who calls that doesn't tell me about the Nugget.

Lady Strangeways. Except Plumtre?

Lady Mary (*impatiently*). Except Plumtre, of course. All my male friends are friends of the Nugget; all the women rave about him; even Plumtre is to dine with him to-night. Last week he outbid me at a charity ball; this week he wins poor Welters's last guinea at the Club; in short, he has done everything to me but leave his card.

Lady Strangeways. That is odd; because he told me the other day that he particularly wanted to meet you.

Lady Mary. He is unusually slow, then, in effecting this particular wish. Not that I care to see him. Who is he?—some ordinary *nouveau-riche*?

Lady Strangeways. Rather extraordinary, I fancy. Sir Thomas Edgeworth is not a chance favorite of Fortune, if I am any judge. In the first place, he is a gentleman; in the second place, he is unusually handsome; and in the third place, I am a little afraid of him.

Lady Mary. Ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! Gilda, that is the best yet. The Nugget rich and handsome, and you afraid of him! He must be the devil!

Lady Strangeways (*lighting a cigarette*). No (*puffing*), not the devil,

I fancy. You and I should know him when we see him. Ah! here comes Plumtre. Good-morning, Plum.

(Enter EARL PLUMTRE. Crosses L. to Lady Strangeways, and bows; then R. to Lady Welters, and kisses her hand.)

Lady Strangeways. Well done, Plum! Didn't know you had so much *aplomb*. But look out: it's too *soigneux*, too *grand seigneur*,—won't do to-day,—bad form, I am afraid,—too theatrical, you know.

Plumtre. And doesn't Lord Strangeways do the same by you, Lady Strangeways? I had thought a gentleman of the old school——

Lady Strangeways. Old school, indeed! I have always felt Strangeways an anachronism in this reign. Now, under King Billy a boot-jack or two wouldn't have signified. Kiss my hand, indeed!

Plumtre. Pray let me repair his omission.

Lady Strangeways. Nay, I am Lady Mary's friend, you know, and was a poor country-girl before I was married, and an innocent one.

Lady Mary. Before you were married.—Pray, Plumtre, who is the Nugget?

Plumtre. Sir Thomas Edgecomb; one of the oldest baronetcies in Ireland; wealth unknown; good hand at whist, poker, and baccarat; clubs, Carlton and Travellers'; knows everybody——

Lady Mary. Except me——

Plumtre. And the queen. But he is to be presented at court next week, and desires your acquaintance to-night.

Lady Mary. Which he shall not have. (*Rising*) Good-by, earl: I am tired. Lady Strangeways will entertain you. Look after him, Gilda. (*Gathers up her work, and exit.*)

Plumtre. Well, I'm damned! What's put her out to-day, Lady Strangeways? What's Edgecomb done, that she's so down on him?

Lady Strangeways. Perhaps it's his coming to see her.

Plumtre. Impossible! Edgecomb's a man to know.

Lady Strangeways. Perhaps, then, it's his not coming to see her.

Plumtre (with a start). You think so? (*Recovering himself*) No, that's impossible, too. (*Strokes his moustache.*)

Lady Strangeways. You think so? A word of advice, Lord Plumtre.

Plumtre. What?

Lady Strangeways. Lean forward,—forward,—forward still! (*Plumtre is a little awkward; she whispers close in his ear, but in a loud voice.*) Keep your eye on Lady Welters, Plumtre. (*Exit, laughing.*)

Plumtre. Now, what the deuce does she mean by that? (*Reflectively*) Pretty girl, Gilda Strangeways. I remember, down in Devonshire, when she was Gilda Trevethick—— Halloo, here's Welters!

(Enter WELTERS, in an overcoat, his eyes red, face sunken and slightly flushed.)

Welters. Halloo, Plumtre! you here?

Plumtre (dryly). Yes.

Welters. Seen her ladyship?

Plumtre. Lady Mary is indisposed this morning.

Welters. Egad, so am I. That Nugget is the devil. Fancy, he has just been backing Trappington at whist. But I thought I heard some one talking as I came in?

Plumtre. Lady Strangeways has just left the room.

Welters. Coddling up Lady Mary, I'll be bound. Plumtre, that woman has a bad influence on my wife. As if it were a fellow's fault that the luck has been against him! I had money enough when she married me. That woman is extravagant enough to break a Rothschild.

Plumtre. Lady Welters, or Lady Strangeways?

Welters. Lady Welters, of course. Lady Strangeways may go to the devil for me. I guess old Strangeways knows the way as well as I do. Ha, ha! eh? Have some brandy,—a pick-me-up. (Rings.)

Plumtre. Thank you, not for me.

(A footman enters, bearing a tray.)

Welters. You'd better. (Fills two glasses.) Plumtre, what are you to do with a woman like that?

Plumtre (sipping his glass). Like what?

Welters. Like Lady Welters. Curse it, that comes of marrying a poor girl. I don't see why I did it.

Plumtre. Because you wanted to get into society.

Welters (stares stupidly). Curse it, Plumtre, that's insulting.

Plumtre. You think so? (Scans Welters coolly.)

Welters. But, damn it, Plumtre, what am I to do? It's been a bad year for me. That Nugget fellow has won two thousand more.

Plumtre. Make some money.

Welters. There again! he suggested my buying into an Australian cattle company, and the shares haven't been quoted for three weeks. Well, I must be going. Coming round to the Club?

Plumtre. By and by.

Welters. Ta ta. (Starts to go; turns at the door and comes back.) I say, Plumtre, you couldn't make it convenient to let me have a hundred or so—till to-morrow?

Plumtre. Certainly. How much shall it be?

Welters. Well, make it two. I'll pay you Saturday. Thanks. Good-morning. (Takes more brandy, and exit.)

Plumtre. Poor Lady Mary! Ah, here she is!

(Re-enter LADY MARY.)

Your husband has just gone.

Lady Mary. Ah!

Plumtre. He has been playing again,—with Edgecomb.

Lady Mary. Against that man! And he lost, of course?

Plumtre. I suppose so. (*Watching her*) He borrowed some money of me.

Lady Mary (colors violently). Of you! And he is my husband!
(*Aside.*)

Plumtre. Alas!

Lady Mary (abruptly). Good-by. I am going for a drive.

Plumtre. Will you not ride with me?

Lady Mary. No, I cannot. I must make some visits.

Plumtre. When shall I see you again?

Lady Mary. I do not know. (*At the door*) I shall drive in the Park at six. (*Exit.*)

Plumtre (alone, looking after her). And there goes the most fashionable woman in London! Well, well! She plays the part well enough: lots of go in her; plenty of spirit, too. 'Gad, her look when she found her lord and master had borrowed money of me was divine,—simply divine. All the same I'm glad I never married. There's Gilda Strangeways, now,—poor old Strangeways' second shot. He got divorced from his first one,—let me see, it must be nearly twenty years ago,—and then he tried it again with a younger one. What's that the Frenchmen say? there are three things a sensible man never need trouble himself with,—a yacht, a house in the country, and—— Halloo, major!

(Enter MAJOR BRANDYBALL, after a footman.)

Major. There, there, my good fellow. I know very well Lady Mary isn't in. I can wait. Halloo, Plumtre! you here, as usual?

Plumtre. I just dropped in to ask Lady Mary if—if——

Major. If Welters had got home yet. Just so. Sorry you missed him.

Plumtre. I—I think Lady Mary's gone to drive, major.

Major. I don't suppose she's gone to Boulogne—yet. I can wait. But don't you stay on my account. How's Welters?

Plumtre. Welters is in a bad way, I fear; been losing more money to Edgecomb. That Nugget's the devil.

Major. Ah, it was a bad day for poor Lady Mary when she married Welters. Old Lady Lauriston forced her into it, I fancy; but the girl was willing enough. She kept Pinelands, and gave up her daughter.

Plumtre. A girl's got to marry somebody.

Major. Yes, yes, just so; but she needn't marry Welters. Pity he doesn't die, though, and give some of you fellows a chance. There, there, Plumtre! don't look so frightened; don't go!

Plumtre. I must. Good-by. (*Exit.*)

Major (alone). There's a fine fellow for you, now, and a crony of the Prince's. Well, well, I'm getting old; and so's her Majesty; and our fashions come from France and Newmarket. What can Edgecomb want of Mary Welters now, I wonder? Edgecomb's a sensible fellow; and yet he seems as much crazed after this fashionable set as any tailor's son with a brand-new fortune. He surely knew Mary Maberly in old times. Yet he wants me to present him. Thinks she's forgotten him, I suppose. Now, I should think she must remember Tom Bruton. Halloo, here she comes!

(*Enter LADY MARY.*)

Lady Mary. Ah, major, you here? This is jolly! I'm so glad I returned. Calling on women is awfully slow—for a woman.

Major. Lady Mary, I have come as an ambassador to-day from a young—at least, a younger—friend of mine. He pines, like all the world, to know you, but, unlike all the world, does not know you. Or rather he says he doesn't.

Lady Mary. Oh, well, I shall be delighted, of course. Who is he?

Major. He has but lately returned from Australia. His name is Edgecomb.

Lady Mary. The Nugget again! The town seems full of that ubiquitous creature. I am weary of him.

Major. But you don't know him yet?

Lady Mary. I know enough of him. A man who takes all London by storm, and doesn't come near me for three months!

Major. That shows his prudence. He keeps his most dangerous venture for the last.

Lady Mary (wearily). Well, well, bring him to-night. *A propos*, if you know him,—do you know him well?

Major. As well as one can know a man of forty who chooses to keep his soul to himself.

Lady Mary. I wish you'd stop Welters from playing with him. Good-by. I must dress for my drive. Remember, Welters plays too high. (*Exit.*)

Major (looking after her). And I wish she'd stop playing—with Plumtre. Lady Welters plays too high.

SCENE II.—*The Club, as in Act I.*

(Several gentlemen standing at the window. SNAWKER sitting on a pile of newspapers, as in Act I. SIR THOMAS EDGECOMB at a table, smoking. Enter STRANGEWAYS.)

First Gent. Halloo, Strangeways! how was the meeting?

Strangeways. Haven't you heard? Chartreuse first; Blueblood second.

Second Gent. And Mademoiselle Fifi?

Strangeways. Distanced.

First Gent. Hm! Bad for Welters.

Strangeways. Welters got it pretty heavy here last night, I'm told.

First Gent. 'Sh! there's the Nugget. (*Points over his shoulder with his thumb at Edgcomb.*)

Second Gent. Have you dined yet? Come in to dinner.

Strangeways. The Prince was there.

(*Exeunt, talking. Enter MAJOR BRANDYBALL.*)

Major. Halloo, Tom! Have some soda?

(*Rings a bell. A footman enters and takes the order. SNAWKER rises and goes out, yawning.*)

Edgcomb. Well, major, what result?

Major. Lady Welters will receive you to-night. (*Both drink; a long pause.*) Tom, I can't understand this desire of yours to meet Lady Welters.

Edgcomb. I used to know her, in old times.

Major. I fear her old times were better than her new ones. But, if you knew her, why take such a roundabout way of seeing her again?

Edgcomb (with a hard laugh). I wish to prepare her—for the surprise.

Major (dryly). Lady Mary is never surprised. She surprises. (*Another long pause. The major looks at him curiously.*) In old times, you say. Let me see: in the old times wasn't there another of you?

Edgcomb. Gordon, you mean?

Major. Yes, Gordon,—Arthur Gordon. Let me see: what became of him?

Edgcomb. Dead.

Major. Dead, is he? I knew he hadn't been in town these ten years. Dead, you say? I'm sorry for it. I used to think he cared a little for Lady Mary,—when she was Lady Mary Maberly.

Edgcomb. He used to think so too. I am sorry, too,—for that.

Major. You're a bitter fellow, Bruton,—Sir Thomas, I mean. Now, if you'd stopped in town, instead of going to the bush, you'd have got a little cynical, a little sceptical,—that's all. But that doesn't explain to me why you want to see Lady Mary again. Perhaps you loved her too?

Edgecomb. Love isn't the only passion one has for a woman.

Major. True. There is the desire of being fashionable, for instance. But I don't think you care for that. There's the desire of ruining her, besides. That's also rather in fashion.

Edgecomb. Arthur and I both loved her, major. And I loved Arthur. I have given up the habit since. It is a pretty little game enough, for a boy; but sometimes it happens that the stakes are too heavy for one side.

Major. And then he has to give it up. Just so.

Edgecomb. Do you happen to remember how Arthur gave it up?

Major. She refused him, I suppose.

Edgecomb. Not at first, but more than that. It was this way. We both loved her in those days; and we both found it out. But I think I cared as much for Arthur as for her. So we agreed that she should choose between us, which one she loved herself, and the other was to go to Australia. And I went to Australia.

Major. Just so. And Arthur stayed to marry the girl. Why didn't he?

Edgecomb. I thought he had. I thought he had, for many years; only it seemed a little strange that he didn't write to me. It was not like Arthur not to write to me. Arthur himself was my one pleasant thought all those years. I wasn't exactly happy, you know,—I gave up that sort of thing with the other when I went to Van Diemen's Land,—but it was always very pleasant to me to think of Arthur's happiness, and that the girl we both loved was happy with him. So I thought of this all the time for some eight years or so: I had much else to think of, alone in Australia.

Major. I thought it was Van Diemen's Land?

Edgecomb. Our first notion had been Van Diemen's Land; but when I first got there Arthur sent me all the money he could spare, and I started a sheep-farm in Australia. I knew that Arthur could never have forgotten me; and, after all, it was natural enough he did not write, after the first. He must have known well enough that his happiness could never be a pain to me; but he was a delicate, sensitive fellow, not a rough customer like me, and had the tact to try and help me to forget. I had a hard, rough life those eight years: I never went to the cities, much less met any one from England. It was a hard

struggle, and I had my times of discouragement. At such times I used to comfort myself with thinking of Arthur. One of us was happy, at least; and I felt it was proper enough that he should be the one. I was better made for fighting, you see. Well, on one such night of discouragement, when I was thinking of him, and of her,—it was a cold June evening, I remember——

Major. Your cigar is out. Have a light?

Edgecomb. Thanks. I was sitting by the fire, and my men brought up word that they had found a man—a tramp, as they supposed—in the bush, asking for me. He had wandered from the trail in the dark, and was pretty well done up. So they brought up a man, almost in rags he appeared, and miserably ill. I never recognized him; but it was Arthur Gordon. She had kept him at reach for several years, playing with him: she may have cared for him, or not: I do not know. But in the end she married Welters. Arthur had tried it in London a year or two without her. Then he threw up the sponge and came out to Australia after me. All this he told me in the night, with a broken voice, from time to time, as he found strength to speak. He never could bear to write to me, he said; and just about sunrise he looked up with a trace of his old smile and died in my arms. I stayed in Australia ten years longer: I was just beginning to make my fortune at that time.

Major. Poor Arthur!

Edgecomb. Arthur was dead; but in those ten years I thought the more of Lady Mary. At last the thought became too strong for me, and I came back to England to meet her. I have been watching her for these three months. Now can you fancy why I wish to meet her?

Major. Poor Lady Mary!

Edgecomb (stops to light his cigar again). I may as well tell you, major: you are a man of the world. All that was kindly in me was buried, you see,—buried with Arthur in the bush. But I live; and whatever strength I have I have saved for this one purpose,—a purpose shaped and forged in these ten long, lonely years. Major, I will meet that woman again, no longer poor and unknown, weak and well-meaning, as I was. The devil's help is with me now, and stays with me until I ruin her. I'll ruin her husband, ruin her, and cast her nature, naked and revealed, before the scorn of that same false world she worshipped so. By God, I'll win once more that miserable love of hers and cast it back at her with a jest; I'll play with it awhile, as she with Arthur, and then—and then—— Here comes Welters.

(Enter WELTERS, STRANGWAYS, and the two gentlemen.)

How are you, Welters? you're not at home to-night?

Welters (surlily). Lady Mary is at home, I believe. I'm not. Will you play to-night?

Edgecomb. To-morrow, perhaps; to-night I'm going to your house. That is (*turning to the major*), if the major will go there to present me, —now.

Major (looks at Edgecomb. After a pause). I shall be charmed, I am sure.

(*Exeunt the major and Edgecomb. The others sit down at a card-table.*)

SCENE III.—*A drawing-room at Lady Welters's. PLUMTRE and LADY WELTERS, seated on a sofa.*

Plumtre. Is it to be to-morrow, then? I'll have the horses ready.

Lady Mary. It may be to-morrow; it may be never. Do not press one so.

Plumtre. I adore you!

Lady Mary (rises, with a movement of impatience, and touches a bell, Enter footman). Is your master at home?

Footman. He told me to say he was at the Club, your ladyship. He will not be in this evening, your ladyship.

Lady Mary. That will do.

(*Reseats herself. While she is talking with Plumtre, guests begin to arrive.*)

Plumtre. You are charming to-night. The Prince spoke of you to-day.

Lady Mary (languidly). Did he?

(*Enter LORD and LADY STRANGWAYS.*)

Lady Strangways. How do, Mary?

Lady Mary. How do, aunt?

Lord Strangways. Delighted to see you looking so well. (*Nods distantly to Plumtre.*) Where's Welters?

Lady Mary. I do not know.

(*As they are talking, other guests enter and fall into groups. Finally, MAJOR BRANDYBALL comes in with EDGEComb. The major approaches Lady Mary; Edgecomb stands at a distance, looking at her.*)

Major. Lady Mary, I have kept my promise. I wish to present to you the friend of whom I spoke this afternoon.

Plumtre (sotto voce). That damned Edgecomb again!

(*All fall aside as Edgecomb steps up.*)

Major. Lady Welters, Sir Thomas Edgecomb.

(*They bow. The others walk back, leaving Lady Mary and Sir Thomas in the centre.*)

Edgecomb. Lady Mary, I have long wished to meet you. I have a message for you,—a commission to perform.

Lady Mary. Indeed, Sir Thomas? I—I didn't know we had anything in common.

Edgecomb. We have,—or, rather, we had once, Lady Mary.

Lady Mary. You can't imagine how you excite my curiosity. What is it?

Edgecomb. I can hardly tell you now. May I venture to call to-morrow?

Lady Mary. To-morrow I shall hardly be at home. We have that charity-bazaar, you know.

Plumtre (approaching). To-morrow night it is, then?

Lady Mary (after a moment's hesitation). To-morrow night. (*To Edgecomb*) I shall be at Shropshire House to-morrow, Sir Thomas. Shall I see you there? (*Exit on Edgecomb's arm.*)

Lady Strangeways (to Plumtre). Look out for Mary, Plum. They say the Nugget's a dangerous man.

Plumtre. If you have already found him so, I am safe, Lady Strangeways.

First Gentleman (to stranger). That was our great London beauty,—Lady Welters.

Stranger. Indeed? She's prettier than the photographs.

First Gent. They say she's rather fast.

Plumtre (to Lady Strangeways). How did your husband get here, Lady Strangeways? I just left him at a theatre.

Lady Strangeways. You look after Lady Mary, Plum. I'll take care of Strangeways. She's gone off with the Nugget.

(*Exit Plumtre. Re-enter LADY MARY with MAJOR BRANDYBALL.*)

Lady Mary. I don't owe you thanks for your friend, major. He's just like all the rest.

Major (dryly). Is he?

Lady Mary. While he kept to himself he was interesting: I began to be a little afraid of him. But when he begins to make love to me he makes a fool of himself, like any other.

Major. Not quite like another, I fancy. Try him again. Here he comes.

Edgecomb (approaching). I hope the major has not been telling evil tales of my youth, Lady Mary. They are idle stories, believe me. You must let me correct them.

(*He leads Lady Mary to a chair, and sits down beside her. Re-enter PLUMTRE.*)

Plumtre (to the major). What sort of a fellow is that Edgecomb, major? Did you bring him here?

Lady Strangeways. Don't answer him, major. Lord Plumtre is a grasping monopolist. Have you seen Strangeways, Plum?

Plumtre. You were to look after him, Lady Strangeways. I think he's got away.

Lady Strangeways. Gone to that Mrs. Mayfly's, I'll be bound. *(To the major)* How's Mary getting on with the Nugget, major?

Major. Well enough for her, I fancy. As for him——

Lady Mary (from the sofa). And so you believe in first loves, Sir Thomas? Ha! ha!

Sir Thomas (gravely). I do, Lady Mary.

Lady Mary. And that a man never forgets her?

Sir Thomas. Perhaps.

Lady Mary. Ha! ha! ha! Gilda, Plumtre, look here! see what I've discovered! Here's—ha! ha! ha! *(pointing to Edgecomb)*—here's a sentimentalist, in London!

(All laugh. Plumtre looks quickly at Edgecomb, who returns the gaze. The major watches both. Curtain.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Morning-room in Lady Welters's house. LADY MARY alone.

Lady Mary. And so this is the day! *(Walks to the window and looks out.)* It looked strange and terrible this morning at dawn; it looks vulgar and commonplace at high noonday. The city was mysterious and awful then; it is cheap enough now. And I am in my heyday, they tell me. A London dawn, and a London noon. What made that man Edgecomb stick by me so last night, I wonder? And where was Welters? At the Club, I suppose,—drunk, or worse. He has not returned home yet, my lord and master. Edgecomb,—Edgecomb. Let me see: Sir Thomas Edgecomb. He brought me home at dawn. It was a caprice, I suppose. But, after all, Welters was away; and he was less scandalous than Plumtre would have been. This is the last day it will make much difference, I suppose. Edgecomb,—Edgecomb; something of him reminds me of the dawn again,—my own, in London. *(Enter LADY STRANGEWAYS.)* Gilda, who's——

Lady Strangeways. Good-morning, Mary dear. You were radiant last night; and those superb diamonds!—they made me cry with envy.

Lady Mary. Tell me, Gilda, who's Edgecomb?

Lady Strangeways. Oh, I don't know: some rich Australian who

tumbled from a third-cousinship into an Irish baronetcy just in the nick of time. Who gave you the diamonds, Molly? Not Welters? Some one said they were old family diamonds; and Welters hasn't any family, you know.

Lady Mary. How long have you known it, Gilda?

Lady Strangeways. Only since I was married, I grant you, Mary. We both married well, I confess,—Welters the famous young London beauty, and I——

Lady Mary. And you the rich old *roué*.

Lady Strangeways. Just so!—your uncle. Ha! ha! ha! Come, Mary, let's be good-natured again. Upon my word, dear, I hope you and Plum won't go too far: London would be quite too awfully slow without you. But, seriously, Mary, what can we get up next? Everybody's talking about Mrs. Mayfly and her odious charity ball. I hear the Prince has been there three times already. But first just tell me who gave you those diamonds. Trappington swore he saw the Plumtre crest upon a locket. Welters can't have done it: he's quite pumped dry, I hear. Besides, no man gives such diamonds to his wife nowadays,—now that——

Lady Mary. Now that you and I set the fashion.

Lady Strangeways. Just so, my dear. Oh, you can't offend me: it's no use, you know. Even Strangeways can't.

Lady Mary. Gilda, who was the Nugget? His name wasn't always Edgecomb?

Lady Strangeways. Oh, no; some nobody; he never would have taken you home in your carriage in those days, Mary. But he went to Australia, and came back all new-gilt. Let's see: what was the man's name? Something like a beast, or brute, I know. Stop—yes,—Bruton, that was it.

Lady Mary. Tom Bruton!

Lady Strangeways. Where's Plumtre?

Lady Mary. I don't know.

Lady Strangeways. There he comes. Talk of the—person with Faust, you know—— Good-by, Mary,—Margherita: can't stop to play Dame Martha, you know, ha! ha! ha! Oh, just one word first, though. (*To Plumtre, at the door*) Stay out, you naughty fellow. You can't come in now. (*To Lady Mary*) Mary dear, do think what we can do against that Mayfly woman: she's making terrible running, you know, even as the *inconnue*, *ingénue*, or what not. As soon as she gets clever enough to be fast, it's all up with us, my dear,—mark my words, it's all up. Good-by. Ta ta, Plum. (*Kisses her hand to Plumtre, and exit.*)

Plumtre. Gay creature, Lady Strangeways; such good company.

(*Stands until she is well out of sight, then seats himself.*) All is ready, dearest: we leave Mrs. Mayfly's at midnight, drive around the town, and catch the tidal express.

Lady Mary (*rises impatiently*). And, pray, suppose I do not choose to accompany you?

Plumtre. But you will not! but you cannot! Think a moment: it is impossible to draw back now, Lady Mary.

Lady Mary. Impossible? Earl Plumtre does himself too much honor.

Plumtre. Do you not love me, Mary? I, who adore you!—I, who worship the very ground you tread upon!—I, who—who have promised to marry you as soon as—as soon as——

Lady Mary. A noble ambition, indeed, to marry your lordship!

(*Starts as if to leave the room. A footman enters with a letter. Lady Mary tears it open and reads to herself.*)

"Shall not return at present. Try and send me some money by the bearer: if there is none in the house, borrow of Strangeways—or Plumtre." (*Crumples up the letter and lets it fall. To the footman.*) Tell your master there is no answer.

Plumtre. And to-night?

Lady Mary. I—I will see you at Mrs. Mayfly's. (*Exit.*)

Plumtre (*alone*). So. She will see me at Mrs. Mayfly's. (*Rises and walks about nervously.*) I wonder am I making a damned fool of myself? (*Sits down again, and drums on the table.*) Well, after all, I'm not the only one.

(*Rises and walks to the door. Enter EDGECOMB.*)

Edgecomb. Good-morning, earl.

Plumtre (*carelessly*). Good-day, sir. Ah! you wish to see Lady Welters?

Edgecomb. Not particularly.

Plumtre. Lady Welters is not at home, sir.

Edgecomb. I can wait. (*Seats himself.*)

Plumtre (*angrily*). Lady Mary is not receiving, sir.

Edgecomb. You will do quite as well.

Plumtre (*furiously*). I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir.

Edgecomb. Oh, yes, you have. I have known you for some time. I have been meaning for several months to say a word to you, and this seems to be a fitting occasion. You must discontinue your dishonorable attentions to Lady Welters, and——

Plumtre (*during the first of Edgecomb's speech seems dumb with*

astonishment; then interrupts in a burst of anger. I? Lady Welters? You are mad! you—you are a liar, sir! you—you——

Edgecomb (continuing). And then leave London. Perhaps you had better leave London at once. I—I should advise it.

Plumtre (making a violent effort to master himself). And—and who may you be? And—and by what right do you presume——

Edgecomb. I am a friend of Lady Welters.

Plumtre. Indeed! I—I shall ask her for a reference. I—I had thought you were a gambler, a—a common blackleg, sir; a——

Edgecomb. You will do wisely not to repeat your remark, Lord Plumtre, but to follow my advice.

Plumtre. And, pray, suppose I do not choose to do so?

Edgecomb. I shall appeal to Lady Mary herself.

Plumtre. And suppose she has you shown the door,—as I should do, did you dare to say this in my own house?

Edgecomb. I should make you do so.

Plumtre (tries to laugh). Fortunately, sir, your power is not equal to your presumption.

Edgecomb. My power is in my right,—the right of any honorable man to stop a shameful wrong.

(*Enter LADY MARY.*)

Lady Welters. Good-morning, Sir Thomas.

Plumtre. This—this person has forced himself upon you, Lady Mary. I told him you were not at home, but he——

Lady Welters. I am always at home to my friends, Sir Thomas. I shall hope to see you to-night, Lord Plumtre.

(*Exit Plumtre. Lady Welters beckons Edgecomb to a chair.*)

It is kind of you to call so soon, Sir Thomas. I was thinking of you only this morning, and of the message that you told me you had for me.

Edgecomb. It is but a sad errand, Lady Mary,—a message from beyond the grave. I hardly know how to begin. I do not know how he would have me begin.

(*Lady Welters takes a seat and looks at him curiously. Edgecomb remains standing, his eyes fixed upon the ground.*)

Lady Welters. Pray, whom do you mean?

Edgecomb. Whom? I do not know. I fear you have forgotten him. And yet you loved him once. Oh, Mary,—Mary Maberly,—what are you doing? Do you know what you are doing? Look at me: I am Tom Bruton. Do you remember me now? Do you remember him?

Lady Welters. Do I remember him?

Edgecomb. Arthur Gordon. You loved him once.

Lady Welters. I loved him once! Did I ever love any one?
(*Musingly*) I fancy not: I gave it up,—all that. Arthur Gordon—
(*A pause. Edgecomb raises his eyes to her; she looks down again.*)
Where is he?

Edgecomb. He is dead.

Lady Welters. Was this your message?

Edgecomb. He died with me, in Australia. Before he died he bade me see you once and give you back—this. (*Edgecomb draws from his breast a withered rose, and places it in her hands. A long pause.*) You remember, now?

Lady Welters. I remember what? I remember Arthur Gordon.
(*Eagerly*) Did he love me much, you say?

Edgecomb. He loved you with his life.

Lady Welters. And he is dead. (*Rising*) Pray, Sir Thomas, is this all?

Edgecomb. But a word more. Lady Mary, by your memory of Arthur, I entreat you,—of Arthur, whom, alone, we both loved—Ah, how can I say it? I saw Lord Plumtre here just now—

Lady Welters. You presume too far, sir. (*Exit.*)

Edgecomb. What can I do?

(*Enter WELTERS.*)

Welters. Ha, Edgecomb, good-morning.

Edgecomb. Good-morning. I must go.

Welters. Say, Edgecomb, stop a moment: those shares of yours are turning out a good thing, eh? It was kind of you to put me up to them. Tell me, is it time to sell yet?

Edgecomb. No, no; don't sell. Good-by. (*Exit.*)

Welters. Now, what's he in such a devil of a hurry for? I wonder has he seen her ladyship?

SCENE II.—*The entrance-hall at Mrs. Mayfly's. A stone staircase in the background. Visitors passing up the stairs and entering; an orchestra heard in the distance. Enter TRAPPINGTON. He bows to MRS. MAYFLY.*

Mrs. Mayfly. So kind of you to come, duke! Is her Grace with you?

Duke. The duchess is indisposed, dear lady.

Mrs. Mayfly. I am so sorry.

(*Enter LADY WELTERS, with PLUMTRE.*)

How do you do, dear Lady Welters? Is Mr. Welters with you?

Lady Welters. No. I wish to present Lord Plumtre.

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(Pantomime of introduction. *Plumtre forgets to bow, but stares at EDGECOMB approaching. Exeunt Trappington and Mrs. Mayfly; Edgecomb with Lady Welters. Enter MAJOR BRANDYBALL.*)

Plumtre. Now, damn his insolence!

Major. Whose insolence, earl?

Plumtre. That infernal Edgecomb. Brandyball, I'll kill that man.

Major. You can't, Plum. Duelling's bad form, you know.

Plumtre. Then I'll thrash him!

Major. You can't, my lord: he's too big.

(*Enter LADY STRANGEWAYS.*)

Lady Strangeways. Halloo, Plum! What's this swearing I hear? You look glum, disconsolate. Where's Mary? Take me in to the Mayfly,—there's a good fellow; then I'll let you off; 'pon honor I will.

(*Exeunt. Re-enter EDGECOMB, alone.*)

Major. Halloo, Tom! look here. I want a word with you. (*Draws him aside.*) Have you had your revenge yet, Tom?

Edgecomb. No; not yet.

Major. I am afraid, my poor boy, you won't be needed. It will go all of itself, as the French say. Plumtre will take care of that, or I'm much mistaken. I'm sorry—for poor Arthur.

Edgecomb (sadly). Poor Arthur!

Major. As for you, I don't wholly admire your later self, Tom Bruton, if it's the true one.

Edgecomb. Arthur Gordon was my other self; and I sometimes fear it went with him. (*They pause. Lady Mary passes with Plumtre. Edgecomb, looking after her, to himself*) And that was Mary Maberly!

Major. She doesn't look well to-night. She looks pale.

Edgecomb. I must try once more. (*Exit.*)

Major. Poor fellow! what can he do, against all those diamonds, and Welters into the bargain?

(*Enter PLUMTRE, meeting Edgecomb as he goes out.*)

Plumtre. Ah, our friend the Nugget again. Pray, sir, you appealed from me to Lady Welters this morning: may I venture to ask with what result?

Edgecomb. Leave the house, sir! leave the house, or, by God, I will make of you a sport for the town!

Plumtre. This is a lady's house, sir: you do not have them in the bush. (*Exeunt.*)

Major. Humph! there will be trouble, I see that; there will be trouble.

(Enter a footman.)

Footman. The Earl of Plumtre's carriage.

(Re-enter EDGEComb.)

Edgecomb. Major, have you seen her? She has not gone?

Major. She has not gone. I shall be here some time, Edgecomb.

(Exit Edgecomb. Major Brandyball, to himself) Can we stop it? Better anything than—than—— By heavens, here she comes!

(Enter LADY MARY, with PLUMTRE. The orchestra plays loudly in the distance.)

Plumtre. Call Lord Plumtre's carriage.

Footman. It is here, your lordship.

(Plumtre goes to the door and looks out. Enter EDGEComb.)

Edgecomb *(loudly)*. Call Lady Welters's carriage. Lady Mary, will you take my arm?

(Lady Mary takes Edgecomb's arm, as if at his command. Plumtre returns.)

Plumtre. Lady Welters is with me, sir.

Edgecomb. Out of my way, sir!

Plumtre. I tell you, sir, Lady Welters is with me.

(He presses forward rudely; Edgecomb strikes Plumtre in the face with his left arm, his right in Lady Mary's. Plumtre is hurled backwards down the stairs, and falls motionless upon the marble floor. Lady Mary turns pale, but makes no sound.)

Major. By heaven, he has it!

Edgecomb. Now, Lady Mary, come with me.

(Lady Welters is led away by him as if spell-bound. Exeunt.)

Major *(to the servants)*. A hundred guineas apiece, my men, to keep this quiet.

Footman *(at the lower door, touching his hat)*. What shall we do with him, sir? *(pointing to Plumtre, who is lying motionless)*.

Major. Carry him to his lodgings.

Footman. I'm afraid he's 'most done for, sir.

(They lift Plumtre, and carry him out heavily upon their shoulders.)

Lady Strangeways *(speaking from above)*. Have you seen Mary, Major Brandyball?

Major. She has just gone home, Lady Strangeways.

SCENE III.—*Lady Welters's house, as before. LADY WELTERS on a sofa, weeping; EDGEComb by her side.*

Edgecomb. I must go now, Lady Mary; I must say good-by. I

am glad if I have been of service to you ; but I have kept my promise to Arthur, and must go.

Lady Welters (sobbing). Oh, do not go ; do not go yet. Save me from him. I cannot look to Mr. Welters. I cannot dare to be alone again.

Edgecomb. I have saved you from yourself : he cannot harm you. Welters will take you abroad to-morrow.

Lady Welters. And you ?

Edgecomb. I go back to Australia.

Lady Welters (grasping his hand). Oh, do not go ! do not leave me ! Stay here, near me, always.

Edgecomb. I cannot.

Lady Welters. See : I have not forgotten. It is you who will have forgotten, if you go. I remember all now. But you were two then. Do you not remember ? You, too, loved me once. You do not—you cannot have forgotten ?

Edgecomb. I remember Arthur. And I could not bear to think, though he were dead, that he might know. For Arthur's sake I came,—not for mine.

Lady Welters. But you loved me then ? You have not forgotten ?

Edgecomb (at the door). I have forgotten. Arthur is dead. It is only Arthur who has not forgotten.

J. S. of Dale.

A PARABLE.

I LONGED for rest, and some one spoke me fair,
 And proffered goodly rooms wherein to dwell,
 Hung round with tapestries, and garnished well,
 That I might take mine ease and pleasure there ;
 And there I sought a refuge from despair,
 A joy that should my life's long gloom dispel ;
 But ominously through those fair halls there fell
 Strange sounds, as of old music in the air.

As day went down, the music grew apace,
 And in the moonlight saw I, white and cold,
 A presence, radiant in the radiant space,
 With smiling lips that never had grown old,
 And then I knew the secret none had told,
 And shivered there, an alien in that place.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE LOVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

MOST of the Presidents have made good husbands, and history tells of none of them who have had serious trouble with their wives. We read, it is true, that Martha Washington was overheard by certain visitors who slept at Mount Vernon, giving the general curtain-lectures in such animated tones that her voice penetrated through the thin partitions which separated the rooms; but the traveller adds that General Washington listened in silence, and, when the lecture was finished, merely said, "Now good sleep to you, my dear." After this nothing more was heard.

Washington wrote many and long letters to his wife which were full of affection, but "Lady" Washington thought so much of these that she destroyed them before she died. Only one escaped,—the one in which he announced his appointment as commander-in-chief of the colonial army. He begins the letter "My dearest," and closes it with the statement that he is "with unfeigned regard" her "very affectionate George Washington." He uses several times in the letter his pet name for his wife, which was "my dear Patsy," and says he has made a will with which he doubts not she will be pleased. He was married to her forty years, and "during all this time he wore," says his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, "suspended from his neck by a gold chain and resting on his bosom, the miniature portrait of his wife."

General Brinkerhoff, of Ohio, who was a tutor at the Hermitage many years ago, tells me that Andrew Jackson wore such a medallion of his wife Rachel, and that while he was in the White House it was his custom to prop this picture up against his Bible on the table at his bedside before he retired, in such a way that it would be the first thing his eyes would fall upon in the morning. Jackson never recovered from the shock of his wife's death, which occurred just after his election to the Presidency. It is said that he could hardly be prevailed upon to part with her body, but held it tightly in his arms until it was almost forced from his embrace.

Thomas Jefferson refused the mission which was offered him in 1776, in company with Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane, to represent the United States at Paris, on account of his wife's health, though he was very anxious to accept. His letter of declination states that no other condition could have compelled him to decline the appointment. As it was, he kept the messenger waiting three days, hesitating between his

duty to his wife and his duty to his country, and at the end of this time his love conquered. Six years later his wife died, and a second appointment was tendered him as minister to France. He accepted it promptly, and tried to lose his grief in hard work.

Mrs. Jefferson hung between life and death for four months, and during all this time Thomas Jefferson was at her bedside or in a little room adjoining. He gave her her drinks and her medicines, and took his turn with his sister and his wife's sister in sitting up with her at night. He solemnly promised her on her death-bed, holding her hand, that he would never marry again, and when she died he staggered from the room into his library and fainted. His insensibility lasted so long that the people feared he was dead. They brought a cot into the library and lifted him upon it. When he revived, his grief was so great that he almost lost his senses. For three weeks he did not leave the library, and he was waited on during this time by his little daughter Martha, who says that he walked up and down the room all day and all night, only lying down when he was utterly exhausted. When he at last came out of the library he spent hours at a time riding through the mountain-paths and dense woods about Monticello, now and then bursting forth into passionate grief. He kept his promise to his wife, and, though he was for years thrown into the society of the court circles of France and the United States, we have no record of his making love a second time.

John Adams speaks of his wife, Abigail, as the source of all his felicity. His marriage with her continued for fifty-three years, and its only pang was found in absence and final separation.

His son, John Quincy Adams, married an American girl in London, and he was not separated from her a single day until he came back to this country four years later. Mr. Adams speaks of the marriage in his diary as taking place before eleven o'clock in the morning. It was at a church, and only a few friends were present. Immediately after, the whole party adjourned to visit the Tilney House, one of the noted country-seats near London, and their wedding-tour was the journey to Berlin, some months later, when John Quincy Adams was appointed minister of the United States to Prussia.

President Monroe's relations to his wife, Eliza Kortright, were most lovable. She was a finely-educated New York lady, who during Monroe's mission in Paris was known as *la belle Américaine*. Monroe was a United States Senator when he married her, during the first administration of Washington's Presidency, and their married life lasted forty years. She died but a few years before him, and shortly after her death Monroe wept in speaking of her to his friend Judge Watson, and

told him that he expected to build a vault for both of their remains. This design was never carried out. Monroe soon left Virginia to live with his relatives in New York, and when he died he was buried in the heart of New York City. He remained there till the Virginia Legislature moved his dust to Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond. A great monument rests over him now, but his wife is not beside him. She is buried at Oak Hill, Virginia, in the little graveyard of the plantation which Monroe owned at the time of her death.

President Pierce was so fond of his wife that at thirty-six years of age he resigned his seat in the United States Senate because Washington City did not agree with her health, and four years later he declined the attorney-generalship in the Cabinet of President Polk for the same reason.

General Grant and his wife were very affectionate. Dr. Newman, his pastor, tells me that each carried constantly a lock of the other's hair, and Grant wore throughout his married life a ring which his wife gave him during their engagement. During the general's last sickness his fingers became so emaciated that the ring was taken off for a time. When he was laid in his coffin, Colonel Fred Grant put it on again, and he was buried with a lock of his wife's hair in his breast-pocket.

President Arthur revered the memory of Mrs. Arthur. Her picture was hung in his chamber at the White House, and was by his orders decorated with a wreath of roses every morning. He sat in the pew she used to occupy at St. John's Church while in Washington, and he gave a memorial window to the church in her honor.

We know little about the courtships of the Presidents, but that little is full of interest. George Washington was a colonel when he first met Mrs. Custis. He was on his way to Williamsburg to see the governor, when he was met by a Mr. Chamberlayne, who owned a plantation along the way, and was asked to stop and dine with him. Washington replied that his business was urgent; and he was only persuaded when Chamberlayne told him that he had a young widow visiting him who was rich and fair to look upon. He finally accepted, saying that it could be only for dinner, and that, the meal over, he must hasten on to Williamsburg by moonlight. He then threw the reins of his horse to Bishop, his body-servant, and told him to wait for his return. Dinner being over, the Virginia colonel was so pleased with his company that he was in no hurry to go. He forgot all about poor Bishop and his horse, and accepted an invitation to remain over-night. It was, it may be said, a case of love at first sight. Washington went on to Williamsburg the next day, and on his return he called at the house of Mrs. Custis and asked her hand in marriage. She accepted,

and they were married in great style, at her home on the Pamunkey River, on the 6th of January, 1759. A honeymoon of several months was spent here, and then the couple took a wedding-tour to Mount Vernon.

Mrs. Custis was twenty-six years old at the time, and Washington was three months her senior. Her maiden name was Martha Dandridge. She had been married at seventeen to Colonel Daniel P. Custis, the son of John Custis of Arlington, who was one of the *grande*es of early Virginia. John Custis had objected to this marriage, and had told Daniel that he would cut him off with a shilling if he persisted in carrying it out. He had arranged, he said, a marriage for him with the daughter of Colonel Byrd, of Westover, and the contract had been made when the two children were babies in their cradles. Colonel Byrd was one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the State, and John Custis wanted to see the two fortunes united by marriage. Colonel Daniel Parke Custis persisted in his preference for Martha Dandridge, and his father finally consented to the match. It was a happy one while it lasted, and Martha Custis had four children, two of whom were living at the time she married Washington. By the death of her first husband she was left wealthy, and she brought to her new husband about one hundred thousand dollars in money and a large amount of real estate.

Martha Custis was a belle at seventeen, and at twenty-six she was a blooming widow. She was under middle size, and had dark brown eyes and hair. Washington is said to have been a homely young man and a very fine-looking old one. Martha Washington was a very pretty girl, but not a very good-looking old woman. As she matured she grew stout; and, though her pictures represent her as a beauty, the current history of the times says she was a plainly-dressed, robust old woman who looked older than her husband. She was not noted for her social nor her intellectual qualities. She could not spell, and probably did not read a book from one end of the year to the other. She was a sort of goody-goody woman, who almost always had knitting-needles in her hands, and who thought she did a great thing when she saved the ravelings of a lot of old black silk stockings and worn-out chair-covers and wove them into a dress for herself. She was very proud of her husband; and they show the little room in the second story of the home at Mount Vernon in which she secluded herself after his death, seeing no one for months, and allowing only a cat to enter the room through a hole which was cut under the door.

Thomas Jefferson had rivals in his courtship with Martha Skelton, but he wooed her long, and married her one cold January night while

the snow was on the ground. One night during his courtship two of his rivals happened to meet on Mrs. Skelton's door-stone. They stopped a moment as they heard the sound of music, and when they found the young widow's voice, accompanied by her harpsichord, joined with that of Jefferson and his violin in a love-song, they concluded not to enter, and gave up all hope. Immediately after the marriage, Jefferson and his bride started out by carriage for Monticello, which lay one hundred miles away through the forests. They arrived late at night, and found the fires all out, no wood at hand, and not a servant in the mansion. A half-bottle of wine made up their wedding-supper, and they sang and laughed till morning. Jefferson at this time had an income of about five thousand dollars a year, and his wife brought him in a considerable estate. The license-bond to their marriage, to the amount of two hundred and fifty pounds, was written by Jefferson himself, and it now hangs among the curiosities in the State library of Virginia in the Capitol at Richmond.

Andrew Jackson's courtship was a stormy one. Mrs. Jackson's maiden name was Rachel Donelson. She was married very young to Captain Lewis Robards, a man of good family, but of bad habits and a very jealous disposition. Robards suspected every man who came in contact with his wife, and he at one time wrote home to his mother-in-law requesting her to take her daughter home, as he did not intend to live with her any longer. Mrs. Robards's mother was at this time a widow keeping a boarding-house in Nashville, and Andrew Jackson was one of her boarders. Some years later the quarrel was made up, and Captain Robards came to live with his wife at Mrs. Donelson's. He at once became jealous of Jackson, quarrelled with him, and the result was that Jackson left the family. Shortly after this Captain Robards again left his wife; and when Mrs. Robards announced her intention of going to Natchez to visit some of her friends in order to keep out of her husband's way, Jackson went with her. At Natchez he heard that a divorce had been granted to Mrs. Robards by the Virginia Legislature, and he married her. He brought her back to Tennessee, and then found that the Virginia Legislature had not granted the divorce, but had left it for the court to do so. In the mean time Robards had gotten a divorce in Kentucky, and Jackson, in order to make his marriage absolutely safe, bought a new license and had the ceremony performed over again.

During Jackson's Presidential campaign this question of his marriage made great scandal, and Jackson was probably thinking of this when he put the testimonial of his wife's great worth in the epitaph which he wrote for her tombstone. Mrs. Jackson was not an educated

lady. She did not use good grammar, and her talk was full of frontier idioms. She smoked a pipe, and what reading she did was confined to the Bible. She was twenty-three years old when Jackson married her, and he was about one year older.

Van Buren's wife died seventeen years before he became President. Her name was Hannah Hoes, and she was distantly related to him. He was engaged to her for a long time, but was not married until he could support her comfortably. They were of the same age, and their married life of twelve years was a happy one.

President Harrison was a captain in the United States army, just twenty-two years old, when he was married to Anna Symmes, a bright Ohio girl of twenty. Miss Symmes was the daughter of Judge Symmes, one of the associate judges of the supreme court of the Northwest Territory. She was visiting her sister at Lexington, Kentucky, when she met Captain Harrison. They were married at North Bend, Ohio. Harrison then resigned his commission in the army, and was elected the first delegate to Congress from the Northwest Territory. Mrs. Harrison was not well when Harrison came to Washington, and she never lived in the White House.

I am indebted to General Tyler, the son of President Tyler, for information about his father's marriage. President Tyler was married twice, and he was the only President who was married while in the White House. Shortly before President Tyler died he said to his son,—

"My son, I have in many respects been a fortunate man; but in respect to no one particular have I greater cause to congratulate myself than in that since I reached man's estate I have passed only two years out of the marriage relation; for it has protected and preserved my moral life."

General Tyler describes his mother, the President's first wife, as a dark-haired, fair-skinned lady, with a person which was a perfect mould of beauty. She was of medium size, and looked much like the Empress Josephine, save that her skin was fairer. Tyler met her at a ball given by one of the wealthy Douglasses of Virginia, and fell in love at once. He was then about nineteen years old, and it was perhaps a year before he became engaged to her.

"His courtship," says General Tyler, "was much more formal than that of to-day. He was seldom alone with her before their marriage, and he has told me that he never mustered up courage enough to kiss his sweetheart's hand until three weeks before their wedding, though he was engaged for nearly five years. He asked her parents' consent before proposing to her, and when he visited her at the home of Colonel Christian,

her father, on his large plantation, he was entertained in the parlors, where the whole family were assembled together. As was the custom then among the better class of Virginian families, the lover never thought of going out riding in the same carriage with his affianced, but rode along on horseback at the side of the carriage, which always contained one or more ladies in addition to his sweetheart to add decorum to the occasion." President Tyler and his first wife were of nearly the same age, he being only eight months her senior. Their wedding took place on his twenty-third birthday, and their married life of twenty-nine years was a most happy one.

President Tyler's second marriage took place two years after the death of his first wife. Tyler was fifty-four. The bride was a girl hardly out of her teens. Her name was Miss Julia Gardiner, and she was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman of New York. General Tyler says that in the second winter after his mother's death Mr. Gardiner and his two daughters came to Washington on their return from Europe. They visited the White House one Thursday evening, and he, as private secretary, took their cards, they being unknown to him, and introduced them to the family. A short time after they called upon his sister, who was then presiding at the White House, and she returned their call, discovering that the girls were very beautiful and accomplished and also of excellent family. They repeated their visits to the White House during the season, returning to New York at its close. At the opening of the following season they were back in Washington, and renewed their attentions to the President and his family. After a time President Tyler began to look with eyes of love at one of the Miss Gardiners, and finally proposed a marriage with her to her father and mother. His proposal was well received, and, the young lady being willing, the marriage was determined upon. It took place in New York. General Tyler thinks it would have been an indelicate thing to have had it celebrated at the White House. President Tyler lived seventeen years with his second wife, and had a number of children by her. She now lives at Richmond, and receives a pension of five thousand dollars a year from the government.

Mrs. President Polk is living in Nashville, a fine-looking old lady eighty-three years of age. It is now sixty-one years since she was married to James Knox Polk, then one of the youngest members of the Tennessee Legislature. She was a belle of that State at the time, and there is a tradition in Tennessee that Polk was advised by General Jackson to marry her. Andrew Jackson, a great friend of young Polk, thought his attentions among the ladies were entirely too promiscuous. He urged him to select one of the number of his sweethearts, so the

story goes, telling him at the same time that among them all he could not find a sweeter woman or a better wife than Sallie Childress. Polk took Jackson's advice, and was accepted.

Mrs. Polk made a very good mistress of the White House. She did not countenance dancing. It was at one of her receptions that a distinguished statesman is said to have remarked, in a loud tone of voice, "Madam, there is a woe pronounced against you in the Bible." The hum of conversation ceased all over the room, and Mrs. Polk inquired what he meant.

He continued, "Well, the Bible says, Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you!"

President Pierce met his wife while he was studying law. Her maiden name was Jane Means Appleton. She was the daughter of a president of Bowdoin College, and was married at the age of twenty-three, when Pierce was a member of the lower house of Congress. She was not well enough while in the White House to make much of a social figure. She died in 1863, six years before her husband.

Fillmore was twice married, and his first wife was by far the superior. Her name was Abigail Powers, the youngest child of a Baptist clergyman of New York. She was tall, fine-looking, and well formed, with a fair complexion and beautiful eyes. Her pictures as lady of the White House represent her with luxuriant curls hanging down the sides of her face, and a white lace cap upon her head. She was two years older than Fillmore, and at the time he became engaged to her he was a clothier's apprentice, while she was a village school-teacher. The engagement lasted for five or six years, and during the last three of these Fillmore was so poor that he was unable to pay the expenses of the travel of the one hundred and fifty miles which lay between them to go to see her. He built the house with his own hands in which they first lived, and during the early years of their marriage Mrs. Fillmore acted as housekeeper, maid-of-all-work, and hostess for the family, teaching school at the same time. She relieved her husband from all care and responsibility, and aided materially in giving him that leisure which enabled him to become famous. President Fillmore says that during his entire married life of twenty-seven years he was always greeted with a happy smile. As lady of the White House, Mrs. Fillmore was noted for her intellectual accomplishments. She established the library in the White House. She was not well during the latter part of the administration, and she died at Willard's Hotel in Washington on the last day of the month in which it terminated.

Andrew Johnson's wife is also noted for the help she gave her husband. He was a young tailor of twenty-one at the time, and she was

only seventeen. She taught him to write, and aided him much in his studies.

President Garfield and his wife pursued their studies together in the first years of their marriage, when he was a young professor at college. She was one of his pupils before this, and he taught her Latin, and was wont to say that she was as apt a pupil as he ever had.

President Arthur met his wife at a ball at Saratoga; and it is said that he has not visited Saratoga since his wife's death.

The courtship of General Grant was not a smooth one. He met Miss Julia Dent, who was the daughter of Judge Dent, at her home in St. Louis, making her acquaintance through her brother, who was one of his classmates at West Point. Grant was a young lieutenant at the time, with nothing but his salary. The Dent family did not consider him a desirable match. They were very much pleased when he was ordered to the frontier under General Taylor. But young Grant saved the life of Lieutenant Dent in Mexico, and, after his brilliant service there, the Dent family withdrew their objections, and they were married on the 22d of August, 1848, after an engagement of five years.

General Grant says that he popped the question in a very awkward manner, but that before separating at the time he did so he was accepted. The wedding took place at Judge Dent's residence in St. Louis, and shortly afterwards Grant was ordered to Sackett's Harbor, on Lake Ontario, where the honeymoon was spent.

A number of the Presidents have been in love more than once, and several have suffered the pangs of love unrequited. Washington Irving says that General Washington had a serious passion at fifteen for some unknown beauty which made him really unhappy for a time. The son of President Tyler, who is distantly related to the Washington family, tells me that the general tried to win the daughter of Colonel Cary, of Denby, Warwick County, Virginia. Colonel Cary was very wealthy, and Washington, who paid attention to none but prospective heiresses, was much attracted by one of his daughters. He was a poor major then, and he rode on horseback to Warwick County, and called upon Colonel Cary. Cary, a stiff old gentleman with a ruffled shirt and much dignity, asked Major Washington, as he alighted from his horse,—

"May I inquire, sir, what has caused you to honor me with a visit at this time?"

Major Washington blushing replied that he had come to ask permission to pay his addresses to Miss Cary with a view to marrying her.

"Well, sir," responded the stately colonel, "I would have you understand that my daughter rides in her own carriage; and if that be your business you may as well mount your horse, sir, and return."

Miss Cary afterwards married a man named Ambler, a member of one of the noted families of Virginia. She was present at the celebration which took place after the surrender at Yorktown, and it is said that when she saw Washington so highly honored she fainted away in the realization of the great mistake she had made in not marrying him.

A year or two after this, when Washington had become a colonel, at twenty-three years of age, he fell in love with May Phillipse, a rich New York heiress at whose house he spent a week. The authorities are divided as to whether he proposed to her or not. All concede, however, that he was slighted and went away very angry, and it is charged that he carried his anger to the extent of aiding in the confiscation of the Phillipse estate after the Revolution had become a success and his love had married his rival.

John Adams's love-affairs were numerous. In 1764, the year in which he was married, he writes in his diary,—

"I was of an amorous disposition, and very early, from ten to eleven years of age, was very fond of the society of females. I shall draw no characters nor give any enumeration of my youthful flames. It would be considered as no compliment to the dead or the living. This I will say: they were all modest and virtuous girls, and always maintained their character through life. No virgin or matron ever had cause to blush at the sight of or regret her acquaintance with me. . . . These reflections, to me consolatory beyond expression, I am able to make with truth and sincerity; and I presume I am indebted for this blessing to my education."

Jefferson's first love occurred when he, a youth of nineteen years, was going to college at Williamsburg. His innamorata was Rebecca Burwell, and his letters of this date are full of her and his love. He devotes many pages to his grief over losing a watch-paper which she had cut for him, and on Christmas-day, 1762, he wrote a letter about his sweetheart to his friend John Page which would have filled, says Parton, twelve modern sheets of letter-paper. He was continually comparing her to the loves of the poets, and copies of love-songs written by Jefferson at this time are still in existence. He sighed for a year before he broached the subject of marriage in a stammering way at a ball. Miss Burwell did not give him an explicit reply, and a short time afterwards he found she was engaged to another.

James Madison fell in love with the daughter of General William Floyd while he was a delegate to the Continental Congress. He was only twenty-eight years old then, was sickly, short, and not good-looking. Miss Floyd rejected him, and he wrote his grief to Jefferson. Jeffer-

son had been Madison's confidant in his love-affairs, and he replied, saying that he thought that he had a good knowledge of the ground, and that Madison's misfortune was contrary to his expectation. "But," he adds, "the world still presents the same and many other resources of happiness, and you possess many within yourself. Firmness of mind and unremitting occupation will not long leave you in pain."

Still, it was over a decade before Madison fell in love again. This time it was with a Quaker widow,—the beautiful Dolly Payne Todd. Ogle Tayloe says in his reminiscences that Dolly Payne was very anxious to catch Madison. Knowing his admiration for literary qualities, upon his once leaving her some philosophical books to read before he went to Virginia, she got Aaron Burr to review the same and write a letter in her name to Madison about them. Madison was delighted with the letter, and proposed on his return. Dolly Madison made him an excellent wife, and she stands to-day in history as the queen of the many ladies of the White House. She lived thirteen years after Madison's death, and was the only woman who has ever been honored with the franking privilege and the freedom of the floors of Congress.

President Lincoln's first love was a golden-haired blonde, who had cherry lips, a clear blue eye, a neat figure, and more than ordinary intellectual ability. Her name was Anne Rutledge. She was the daughter of a tavern-keeper in Salem, Illinois. Mr. Lincoln met her when he was about twenty-three, and, after a romantic courtship, became engaged to her. She died before they could be married; and Lincoln was so much affected by her death that his biographer, Ward Lamon, says his friends pronounced him crazy for a time. He was watched carefully, and became especially violent during storms, fogs, and damp and gloomy weather. At such times he would rave, declaring, among other wild expressions, "I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rain, and storms to beat upon her grave." At this time he began to quote, it is said, the poem which is so well identified with him, beginning,—

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

It is supposed that he was thinking of his first love during the times he so often repeated it. Years afterwards, when he had become famous, he was asked by an old friend as to the story of his love for Anne Rutledge, and he said, "I loved her dearly. She was a handsome girl, and would have made a good and loving wife."

Lincoln's next love was a tall, fine-looking woman, named Mary Owens, with whom he became acquainted about a year after Anne Rutledge died. Upon her rejection of him, he wrote a letter to his friend Mrs. O. H. Browning, saying that he had been inveigled into paying

his addresses to Miss Owens, but, on being refused, he found he cared more for her than he had thought, and proposed again. In this letter he says,—

“I most emphatically in this instance have made a fool of myself. I have come to the conclusion never more to think of marrying, and for this reason,—that I can never be satisfied with any one who would be fool enough to have me.”

Still, it was not long after this that he was engaged to Miss Mary Todd, a well-educated, rosy brunette, of Lexington, Kentucky, who was visiting at Springfield, where Lincoln was then a member of the Illinois Legislature. Both Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas proposed to her. She refused Douglas and accepted Lincoln. Lincoln feared that the match would not be a happy one, and Ward Lamon states that he failed to be present at the time set for the ceremony, though the guests were assembled and the wedding-feast prepared. He became suddenly ill, and it was more than a year before the marriage was consummated. It took place finally in Springfield, and the couple began their married life by boarding at the Globe Hotel, at four dollars a week. Lincoln was thirty-three years old at this time, and Mary Todd was twenty-one.

Colonel John Brownlow, of Tennessee, the son of Parson Brownlow, tells me that Andrew Johnson fell in love at the age of sixteen, when he was a journeyman tailor in South Carolina. His beloved was the daughter of a small planter, who objected to the marriage on account of the poverty of the journeyman tailor.

James Buchanan is the only bachelor among the Presidents before President Cleveland; and it was village gossip that made him so. He was a prosperous young lawyer of Lancaster when he became engaged to a beauty and an heiress, Miss Annie C. Coleman, of that city. Her father approved of the engagement, and the course of true love ran smooth, until some unfounded stories caused Miss Coleman to write a note to her lover, asking him to release her from the engagement. She gave no reason, and Buchanan could only reply that if she wished it so he must submit. This occurred in the summer of 1819, when Buchanan was twenty-eight years old and Miss Coleman was twenty-three. Before Christmas came Miss Coleman died in Philadelphia, where she was visiting, and Buchanan wrote a most touching obituary of her, which was published in one of the Lancaster newspapers. The only letter of his remaining to show his connection with her is one written to her father, saying “that he had loved her more infinitely than any other human being could love; and, though he might sustain the shock of her death, happiness had fled from him forever. He wished to look

once more upon her before her interment, and begged to be allowed to follow her remains to the grave as a mourner."

It was his grief over his sweetheart's death that caused Buchanan to rush into the excitement of political life, and had it not been for her he might have been known only as a great lawyer. At his death Miss Coleman's love-letters were found sealed up among his papers, in their place of deposit in New York, with the direction upon them, in Buchanan's own handwriting, that they were to be destroyed without being read. This injunction was obeyed, and the package was burned without breaking the seal.

Such is a brief account of the loves of the Presidents. The majority of them have had the ups and downs common to humanity in their courtships, but all have been singularly happy in their marriages. Those who have had wives in the White House have, as a rule, found that they added to the success of their administrations; and the nation is better off to-day for having had such women as Dolly Madison, Abigail Adams, Jane Pierce, and Lucy Hayes associated with its rulers in the past.

Frank G. Carpenter.

ASPIRATION.

SOUL of the sea in air,
Cloud rose-tinted and fair,

Or dark with summer showers
Quickening the grass and flowers,

Oh that a soul from me
Might rise, as thou from the sea,

And make the world more fair
To hearts that are bowed with care,

Then pass from sight again,
And be to the souls of men

What thou with thy summer showers
Art to the grass and flowers!

A. L. Carlton.

A BACHELOR'S BLUNDER.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

TO all the ills of this mortal life there is no surer antidote than that of a fine, healthy self-approbation. A man may lose his professional renown, his political influence, his heart, or even his money, and yet so long as he can say to himself, "Well, at any rate, what has happened is no fault of mine; I have done my duty all along, and, though some people may pity me, nobody will venture to blame me,"—so long as he can indulge in these or similar cogitations, it is certain that he will not be altogether miserable. And the fortunate thing is that this remedy does not at all depend for its success upon the veracity of the cogitator, but only upon his sincerity: so that it may be confidently recommended to all who possess the power of deceiving themselves,—which is as much as to say that it is quite good enough for most of us.

By Bertie Cunningham it was felt to be an immense alleviation of the pain which his impending departure from Farndon could not but cause him. When the last day of his sojourn in what to him had been an earthly paradise arrived, when his servant had packed up his belongings, when breakfast was over, and when he sauntered off to the conservatory to say a few last words to Mrs. Herbert, who happened to mention that she was going thither, his conscience applauded him so loudly that, for the first time in his life, he recognized how truly valuable a possession that invisible counsellor may prove upon occasion. He had behaved in all respects like a gentleman; he had injured neither his friend nor his friend's wife; in all his protracted talks with Hope he had said nothing which he might not have said before any number of auditors. And if it should strike the reader that this was rather too negative a kind of righteousness to boast of, let him place himself in Bertie Cunningham's position and try to be more charitable. An aged Scotchwoman once mentioned with pride to a contemporary gammer that she had never throughout her long life been guilty of a slip from the path of virtue. "Aiblins ye were nae temptation," observed the other, dryly. We are not all young guardsmen of exceptional beauty of person; experience has not led us all to believe that we can achieve an easy victory over any woman's heart; nor, happily, have we all been taught to take Bertie's light view of the sanctity of the marriage-tie.

It was, perhaps, just as well that he was invigorated at the moment

by breathing the pure air of high principle; for Hope did not disguise her sorrow at losing him, and, had she been anybody else, there can be no doubt but that he would have endeavored to console her in his customary manner. As it was, he only shook his head mournfully and declared that he felt as if he were going back to school after the holidays,—“only more so.”

“And yet,” remarked Hope, “I suppose you liked school when you were there?”

“That’s the worst of it: one doesn’t break one’s heart, whatever happens. The world goes on, and everything is soon forgotten. Not that I shall ever forget your kindness to me, Mrs. Herbert. It’s no use to attempt to thank you: I haven’t the eloquence of your friend Stiles. You ought to hear him talk about you! If you will get him to give you his estimate of your character, and take the square of that, you will arrive at a faint understanding of the feelings which I can’t express.”

“All that because I sometimes read aloud to you when you were ill?” asked Hope, laughing.

“No, because—because you are yourself, I suppose. Well, it is all over now, and I have got to pick up my life where I left it.”

“Is that absolutely necessary?” inquired Hope, snipping off a flower from its stem.

“Absolutely, I should say. Nothing is altered: it’s a case of ‘As you were!’ All my old difficulties are waiting for me, and there is only the one old way of getting out of them.”

Hope laid down her basket and scissors and looked earnestly at her companion. “Do you know,” she said, “what I would do if I were in your place?”

“I dare say I can guess. You would resign your commission and go in for cattle-ranching in Texas. When you were out there, you would live with the utmost frugality, and send home periodical checks, until the last of your debts was paid. Then, by degrees, you would accumulate a fortune, and you would return to England in a green old age, with a view to devoting the remainder of your days to good works.”

“I don’t know about Texas,” said Hope, “but I would certainly give up the Guards, and I would certainly pay my debts. I would pay them by my own exertions, too,” she added, after a momentary hesitation.

“I haven’t a doubt of it. But you are a saint, and I am a sinner. The most that can be looked for from me is that perhaps, after knowing you, I may be a little bit less of a sinner in future.”

Hope had not much to say in answer to this. The subject of Bertie's possible marriage to her sister-in-law was always a repugnant one to her. She felt that it would be disloyal to the latter to dissuade him from it, and yet she was convinced that nothing but unhappiness could come of such a union. At the bottom of her heart she scarcely believed that it would ever take place; she fancied, too, that Bertie had rather more manliness in his composition than he was pleased to give himself credit for.

For about a week after he had gone she missed him very much; but he was not indispensable to her, and although she felt lonely at times—for Dick had always one excuse or another for absenting himself from morning till night, and Jacob's morbid dread of being thought intrusive kept him pretty constantly out of sight—she managed to get through the days, and found solitude infinitely preferable to the companionship of Carry, whose letters from Yorkshire had of late assumed a tone of hopeless resignation.

"Aunt Anne sits in one room all day long," she wrote, "with a couple of tea-kettles boiling on the fire to keep the air moist, and the doctor says she will probably take a turn for the better, and I shall obtain my release when the warm weather comes. But as for my getting away within any period that can be counted by weeks, that is past praying for. It now only remains for the dear old lady to get perfectly well, live for another ten years, and cut me off with a sixpence."

Easter fell early that year, and the trees round about Farndon Court were only beginning to be tipped with green here and there when Mr. and Mrs. Herbert made their move to London for the season. And very soon after their arrival in Bruton Street, Hope was brought to a realizing sense of how serious a matter a London season is, for those whose acquaintance is large. The shoals of cards which she found in the hall every afternoon speedily made the purchase of a visiting-book imperatively necessary, and she was invited to many more entertainments than she could possibly attend. The incessant racket and bustle of this new life was not disagreeable to her, entering upon it, as she did, with all the curiosity of inexperience; only she felt that she would be able to enjoy herself more when once the ceremony of her presentation should be safely over. That ordeal, which she had been prevented from undergoing before her marriage, could now be no longer postponed; and her aunt, who was to present her, was exceedingly anxious that her dress should be worthy of the occasion. This, being constructed by a celebrated *artiste*, who had been troubled by no conditions as to price, proved beautiful enough to bear even Lady Jane's critical inspection;

yet it was not nearly so beautiful as its wearer, whose arrival in all the glory of the Herbert diamonds caused quite a little sensation at the palace.

Indeed, in a surprisingly short space of time Hope found herself famous. Royalty had been graciously pleased to make some complimentary remarks upon her appearance, which of course were reported to her afterwards; everybody who did not know her begged to be introduced, and she might ere long, had she been so minded, have been numbered among those ladies to whom has been given the somewhat equivocal title of professional beauties. Happily, the current of her ambition did not set that way. She desired only to see the world and to be amused; or, at least, if she desired anything more, she was not, for the time being, aware of the fact.

While Hope was thus achieving a social triumph, Jacob Stiles was earning laurels in what may perhaps be considered a more honorable field. The two pictures which he sent up to the Academy that year were not only accepted, not only hung on the line and praised without stint by the critics, but had the good fortune to commend themselves at once to the favor of the public, which clustered round them in such large numbers that a policeman had to be told off for the especial duty of keeping the gangway in front of them clear. The first of these works represented a chariot-race at Constantinople in the time of Justinian, and was considered by high authorities to be infinitely the finer of the two. It contained an immense number of figures, grouped with great skill, so that the effect of monotony, which is one of the dangers of such subjects, was completely avoided. The whole composition was extremely spirited, and both horses and charioteers were drawn in such a manner as to display the artist's thorough knowledge of anatomy. The second picture, which was in some sort a pendant to the first and attracted a somewhat larger crowd of admirers, was entitled "Ascot on the Cup-Day." The scene was one with which Jacob had good reason to be familiar, and it would not have been easy to pick holes in his treatment of it. What he had chosen to depict was neither the race nor the royal procession up the course, but the filing of the horses out of the paddock, under the anxious scrutiny of the throng gathered about them. Such a theme was, of course, wanting both in novelty and in artistic accessories: the chief merits of the picture lay in the varied expressions of the different faces,—among which some excellent likenesses were discernible,—and in the appearance of the horses, every detail of which was rendered with an accuracy and minuteness which perhaps could hardly have been attained by any one who had not passed a good many years of his life in a training-stable.

Both pictures were new to Hope ; for Jacob, who had been a long time at work upon them, had never removed them from his studio in Gower Street. Other engagements prevented her from attending the private view, and it was only after the Academy had been open for some ten days that she and her husband found an opportunity of inspecting what were already declared on all sides to be its chief attractions. She had not been standing in rapt admiration before the first of the large canvases for more than five minutes, and Dick had not swallowed more than three or four yawns, when a well-known voice, close to her ear, remarked, "This is what I call luck."

"Captain Cunningham?" exclaimed Hope, turning round with a bright smile of welcome. "I was wondering when we should meet again, and I have been looking out for you at every party since we came to London. It is indeed a piece of luck that we should chance to come across each other in this crowd."

"Ah, but that wasn't quite what I meant," answered Bertie. "The fact is that I saw Herbert at the club last night, and he told me you would be here to-day: so that my presence isn't exactly due to luck or chance. Stiles is the lucky man. I congratulate him, and I envy him, I shall never see you looking at *me* with that expression of countenance."

"It is extremely unlikely that you ever will," said Hope, laughing; "but, then, you do not happen to be a picture. If you can induce Mr. Stiles to paint your portrait, I have no doubt that I shall be able to gaze at it with an expression of countenance which will satisfy you."

"For the sake of the artist, not of the subject? Thanks; but I don't think it would give me any particular pleasure to be immortalized upon those terms. I maintain that Stiles is a lucky beggar; but I admit that he deserves his luck. And, by Jove, here's the man himself!"

"Oh! where?" exclaimed Hope; and then, catching sight of Jacob, she pushed her way to his side and shook him by the hand impulsively.

"When did you come to London?" she asked. "Why have you not been to see us? I am glad you did not come before I had seen your wonderful pictures, though. You see Mr. Tristram was quite right. I told you that he predicted you would be famous before long,"—she had not, however, told him one of Tristram's reasons for holding that opinion,—"*and you are certainly famous enough now. Everybody is talking about you.*"

Jacob murmured some inarticulate words of thanks. He had been living in his old rooms for more than a week, but had not called in Bruton Street and did not intend doing so. Surely Mrs. Herbert must understand that he could not take so great a liberty!

But Mrs. Herbert understood him very imperfectly. "Have you come here to enjoy your triumph?" she went on.

Jacob smiled. "Oh, no," he answered, quietly; "but I have the advantage of being quite unknown, and I like to listen to the remarks that people make about me and my work. Some of them are very—instructive."

"How are you, Stiles?" said Bertie, who had strolled up. "I'm afraid I can't make any instructive remarks; but I am not going to let my ignorance deter me from telling you that I think your 'Ascot Cup-Day' about the very best thing in the way of a picture that I ever saw. The other one is better, I am told; only, as I wasn't born in the time of old What's-his-name and never attended one of his chariot-race meetings, I don't feel competent to give an opinion upon that subject. I have been at Ascot once or twice in my life, though, and if I were to stand before that picture of yours for a few minutes I should think I was there now. I believe I could spot the winner out of your string of horses, too. The chestnut is the one to back, isn't he?"

"Yes, I think so," answered Jacob.

He did not seem to be in the least elated by his success, and Hope was a little provoked with him for taking things so coolly. "If I were in your place, I should be half crazy with pride and delight," she declared; "but I don't believe you care a bit."

"I am very glad that you think I have done my work well, Mrs. Herbert," he replied.

The fact was that when she accosted him he had been thinking how sweet success must be to most men and how very little it was worth to him. He had neither friend nor lover nor relation to share in it, and the utmost that it could do for him was to help him towards independence. Even that had no longer the charm which it had once possessed in his eyes.

Presently Dick, who had been talking to a friend, joined the little group. "Well, Jake," he said, "so you are a great man at last. I wish you joy with all my heart."

Bertie and Hope had moved on a few paces, and the two men were left side by side in the surging crowd. Jacob raised his eyes for a moment to Dick's, but found no response there to his unspoken appeal,—only a good-humored and, as he thought, slightly contemptuous patronage.

"Thank you," he answered, briefly; "but I am not a great man, and never shall be. I have known for a long time that I am something rather above an average artist. All this doesn't make me think more highly of myself."

"It helps to bring grist to the mill, though, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, it does that. Sir Josiah Cotton, the great Manchester mill-owner, has bought both these pictures, and is to pay me about five times their value." He added, after a momentary pause, "I shall not want an allowance any more now."

Dick thought this a somewhat ungracious speech, as indeed it was; but he believed that it was Jacob's nature to be ungracious, and it was not his own nature to take any notice of such trifles. "That will be just as you please, my dear fellow," he said: "only I hope you won't turn your back upon Farndon in your prosperity. Your rooms will always be ready for you, you know, whenever you like to occupy them."

Jacob was silent for an instant, looking down at the ground, as usual. Then—"I should like to be at Farndon sometimes," he answered. "Mrs. Herbert has been very kind to me."

This, too, might have been considered an ungracious speech, seeing that great kindness had been shown to Jacob at Farndon before ever Mrs. Herbert had been heard of there; but Dick was rather pleased than otherwise by it. "I am very glad that you and she got on so well together," he said. "I am afraid she would have found it awfully slow last winter if you had not been there."

"And Captain Cunningham," added Jacob, who decidedly was not in a discreet mood that day. The moment after he had uttered these words he would have been glad to recall them. He was aware that they were objectionable, not to say impertinent; yet he was hardly prepared for the manner in which they were received.

"What do you mean by that?" inquired Dick, quite quietly, but with a perceptible change of tone.

Was Jacob Stiles a coward? He had put the question to himself more than once, and had never been able to answer it entirely to his own satisfaction. In a physical sense he was at least as brave as most men. He would not think twice, for instance, about mounting the most vicious brute in England, nor had he ever hesitated to ride at a fence because he did not know what was on the other side. Indeed, he was far more reckless than good riders generally are. Nevertheless, a short, sharp challenge, with the hint of a blow behind it, would cause him certain inward qualms, together with an outward aspect of shrinking which he could neither control nor conceal.

"I meant nothing more than what I said," he replied, rather sullenly.

Dick smiled. "I expect you did, though," remarked he. "Never mind. Don't do it again, that's all." He added, in his usual good-

humored, deliberate accents, "The fact of the matter is that you've got a good deal of envy and jealousy about you, Jake. Don't mind my telling you so, do you?"

Jacob's reply was inaudible. He muttered something, turned on his heel, and slipped away through the crowd, while Dick, with a shrug of his shoulders and a smile, strode after his wife and Cunningham.

It is likely enough that poor Jacob was jealous and envious. The latter, indeed, he could hardly help being, since he had never yet met the man with whom he would not joyfully have changed places. Had such an exchange been practicable, the poorest struggling artist whose daub had been sent back to him from Burlington House that spring might have had Mr. Stiles's niche in the Temple of Fame and been made welcome to it.

"He is a queer creature," remarked Tristram, who redeemed his promise of dining in Bruton Street a few days after this. "I was anxious to make his acquaintance, so I asked him to dinner with some other young fellows; but I could get nothing out of him. His appearance surprised me. From his pictures, I was expecting to see a fair young man, with a good deal of forehead and a smiling mouth, when in walks this handsome, black-browed, saturnine-looking fellow and glances at me out of the corners of his eyes as if he suspected me of having led him into an ambush. I shan't invite him a second time. He never contradicted me once, and he disagreed with every word that I said,—which was simply unendurable."

Yet before the evening was over there was one point upon which Tristram (if he had known it) was in complete accord with Jacob. He had begged that he might not be called upon to appear at a dinner-party: so only Bertie Cunningham had been asked to meet him; and it was not Bertie Cunningham's privilege to find favor in the eyes of the great artist. "That is a dangerous fellow," Tristram soliloquized, as he walked home, with his shaggy head sunk upon his breast, and his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his loose overcoat,—*"a dangerous fellow! Too young, too good-looking, too devil-may-care. I didn't half like his ways of going on, and I didn't like her familiarity with him, either. Not that she means any harm, God bless her! Who ever does mean any harm when that kind of thing begins? What on earth is her husband about? Is he blind, or indifferent, or a fool, I wonder? I wish she had a child! I wish it were possible to warn people when they are skating on thin ice without the certainty of making them go ahead harder than ever!"* But presently he smiled in his beard and raised his head a little. "After all, if she sees a little more of that pretty youth, she will find out that he is not what she is seeking for:

it is her destiny to be alone—' *Marchons toujours, n'arrivons pas !* ' " he muttered, as he let himself into his own solitary dwelling.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FEW WORDS FROM LADY CHATTERTON.

IF there is no rule without an exception, *a fortiori* there can be no exception without a rule. The fact, therefore, that Captain Cunningham was repeatedly congratulated upon his exceptional good fortune in being able to spend the best part of his time in London while he was still quartered at Windsor should be sufficient to show that his brother officers were not equally favored, and to clear his battalion from a hasty charge of ornamental idleness. Not, of course, that any such accusation would ever be made, except by quite an ignorant person; but in these days there are so many ignorant and officious persons about—persons who write to the papers, and ask questions in the House of Commons, and get Royal Commissions appointed, and generally harry and distress all who bear a shred of responsibility, till a poor overgrown nation is in danger of being driven to ruin by sheer terror of them—that it seems best to state, for the benefit of any such persons into whose hands these pages may fall, that officers in the Guards are not always permitted to neglect their duties, and that Captain Cunningham's leisure was due to a lingering lameness, of which, perhaps, he made the most.

However, if the ignorant and officious ones had contented themselves with making ill-natured remarks about the branch of the service to which he belonged, nobody would have been very much the worse; but, unfortunately, they—or a section of them—took it into their heads to make remarks of another and a more personal kind about him, and not about him alone. When two young people (or even middle-aged people, for that matter) walk together, talk together, and sit out dances together perpetually, their conduct is pretty sure to call forth comments which are not likely to err on the side of excessive charity. It would be too much to say that Mrs. Herbert had made enemies since her arrival in London; but she was too beautiful, too rich, and too generally popular to escape detraction, and plenty of ladies were ready to giggle spitefully and whisper insinuations behind their fans when they saw her always closely attended by the same person.

Bertie ought to have known that this would be so, and possibly he did know it; but there must be limits to everybody's self-denial. He adhered strictly to his resolutions; he kept his hopeless passion to him-

self; twenty times a day he swallowed down indiscreet words which trembled upon his lips; but to renounce Hope's society altogether was a flight of heroism too lofty for him. What he would have been very glad to renounce was the society of Mrs. Pierpoint, and indeed, by dint of nimble dodging and doubling, he did contrive to accomplish this for a considerable time; but eventually, as was to be expected, that determined lady caught him and pinned him down while she upbraided him in no measured terms.

"So much for your promises!" she exclaimed, in conclusion. "Another time I shall know better than to believe you."

"Now, I should just like to know what promise I have broken," said Bertie, turning at bay. "I deny that I have broken anything, except my leg; and that I didn't do on purpose. Is it my fault if Miss Herbert has gone off to Yorkshire to bury an old woman who declines to die?"

"You ought to have followed her."

"Mrs. Pierpoint, you have no sense of decency. Would you have me thrust myself into the house of a dying lady, whom I have never even seen, and attack her niece with my importunate offers of marriage under her very nose?"

"If you were in love with Carry, that is exactly what you would do, and you know it."

"But, as I am not in love with Carry——"

"Oh, you choose to say that, but in reality you care just as much for her as you do for anybody. If you really cared for Mrs. Herbert, for instance, you would not go on as you have been doing for the last few weeks."

"I don't know what you mean," said Bertie, placidly.

"I suppose not; my meaning is so obscure, isn't it? After all, I presume that she is aware of what she is about. Down in the country I liked her; I thought she seemed to be an innocent, inexperienced kind of woman. But now I am afraid she is no better than her neighbors. I don't mean to say that that is any excuse for you."

"You may say what you like about me," returned Bertie; "but I won't listen to any abuse of her. You are quite wrong about her; she doesn't know the meaning of the word flirtation, and she has no more flirted with me than you have. Of course a man mustn't venture to make a friend of a woman. Idiotic things are always said about them; we all know that. But I must say I didn't expect to hear such things from *you*."

"Do you really wish me to understand that you have no other feeling than friendship for Mrs. Herbert?"

"Certainly not: I have never tried to conceal the truth from you. I love her, and I loved her before she married, as you know; but you are the only person who does know it. I have never breathed a hint of it to her; though it is easy to see that her marriage has turned out unhappily, just as I told you it would. Herbert neglects her——"

"And you try to make up for his neglect by your disinterested friendship? What an excellent plan! If I am idiotic, as you politely insinuate, I think I know two people, not to say three, who are at least as much so. You will all have to suffer for it some day, if that is any comfort. I have a great mind to speak to Mrs. Herbert."

"Once upon a time," observed Bertie, "Lady Chatterton, in the overflowing kindness of her heart, thought it right to warn you that unless you dropped your humble servant your reputation would suffer. How grateful you were to her! And how promptly you acted upon her advice! Do you remember that little episode?"

"I remember it quite well," answered Mrs. Pierpoint, good-humoredly. "Also I remember the Exhibition of 1851, and the Duke of Wellington's funeral. You and Mrs. Herbert, I should say, can hardly remember the Prince of Wales's wedding. The cases, you see, are not quite parallel."

"You were ready to bite Old Chatty's head off all the same," said Bertie.

This was undeniable; and Mrs. Pierpoint, who was a very sensible woman, could not but admit that any interference on her part was unlikely to be attended with happy results. She sighed, and said to herself that she had better hold her tongue. "And yet," she thought, "somebody ought to give her a hint."

Somebody was going to give her a hint. Somebody is always ready to undertake these unpleasant tasks, and on this occasion the duty was about to be assumed by no less a person than Lady Chatterton herself. Lady Chatterton, in her own estimation, as well as in that of the majority of her acquaintances, was a very great person indeed; and it may be added that the distinguished position which she occupied in society was due solely to her personal qualities. Of good family by birth, but belonging by marriage only to the lowest rank in the peerage, she had neither great wealth nor commanding talents, nor even good manners: so that to a superficial observer it might seem as though she should have had some difficulty in making her house one of the most exclusive in London, and her good word eagerly sought after by all who wished to penetrate into the highest circles. It is true that what is rare is sure to be prized, and Lady Chatterton's good words were rare enough in all conscience; but it was to her self-assertion that she owed the

plenitude of her power. Courage she must undoubtedly have had ; for there are very few people in the world who would dare to utter speeches half as rude as those which she was accustomed to fling right and left of her, with a twitch of her nose and a twinkle of her little colorless eyes. Those sayings of hers were retailed everywhere as capital jokes, although they were not particularly smart, and certainly not witty. Her successes were achieved by straight, knock-down blows, at which everybody laughed. The recipients of them often joined in the laughter, while inwardly wincing and trembling. It was agreed that Old Chatty was a privileged person, whose attacks might be submitted to without loss of self-respect. Most people hated her ; but, as nearly all also feared her, she was seldom paid back in her own coin, and very good care was taken not to call her "Old Chatty" when there was any danger of her sharp ears overhearing the nickname.

This formidable lady had deigned to bestow a good deal of notice upon Mrs. Herbert. She was connected by ancient ties of friendship with Lady Jane Lefroy, who lived in abject terror of her, and she had said to her old friend, "Bring that niece of yours to see me. Isn't she the girl whom you cut out of her property and then tried to start in life as a professional artist?"

Poor Lady Jane protested indignantly against this cruel calumny, but did as she was ordered ; and Lady Chatterton was so kind as to say to Hope, "I think you will do. Of course you are aware that you are very handsome ; but you do not appear to be conceited, and you conduct yourself with propriety, which is more than can be said for most of the young married women whom I meet nowadays." And then she sent her an invitation to a ball, followed by one to a dinner-party, at which a member of the royal family was present.

But these events had occurred early in the season. At a later period, Lady Chatterton saw reason to doubt whether the propriety of Mrs. Herbert's conduct had been maintained ; and, as she had made herself to some extent responsible for the young bride, it was necessary that further inquiries should be instituted, and displeasure manifested should these prove unsatisfactory. One morning, therefore, Hope received the following note, scrawled upon a rather dirty half-sheet of paper :

"DEAR MRS. HERBERT,—If you are doing nothing particular to-morrow, come to luncheon here at two o'clock. I have something to say to you. Yours truly,

"ISABELLA CHATTERTON."

Hope, having no other engagement, accepted this unceremonious invitation, little imagining why she had been sent for. Lady Chatterton

lived in a large house in Belgrave Square; she had a husband who was not a very important personage, and sons and daughters who were not very important either. Hope found quite a large assemblage of them in the drawing-room when she entered, together with sundry other ladies and gentlemen to whom she was not introduced. Her hostess offered her a rigid hand by way of greeting, and breathed out "How do you do?" in a fashion peculiar to herself,—a sort of wheeze, accompanied by a glassy stare over the head of the person addressed. It was probably designed to check familiarity, and was indeed adapted to the achievement of that end. Plain-featured Miss Chatterton sidled up to the new-comer and engaged her in conversation. It struck Hope that she wore an air of commiseration for which there was no ostensible cause.

Presently the whole party moved down-stairs to the dining-room, where a good deal of talk went on which was not very interesting to Hope, relating, as it did, to the domestic affairs of people whom she knew only by name. Judging by the remarks made about them, the domestic affairs of these unfortunates had not been managed with conspicuous success. They either had made, or were about to make, foolish marriages; they had been living far beyond their incomes, and were upon the verge of a smash; some of them, apparently, had got into still worse scrapes. The rather insignificant-looking and dowdily-dressed old lady at the head of the table contributed the principal items to this sum of tittle-tattle. She had a twitch in her face which increased when she spoke, and which gave her something of the appearance of a bull-terrier about to pounce upon a rat. Upon more than one of the company she did pounce suddenly and without provocation, causing them to pull wry faces; for, to do her justice, she was not a backbiter in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but was always ready to say as much evil of her friends in their presence as in their absence. Of Hope she took no notice at all until luncheon was over, when she stopped her in the hall, saying, "Come in here, please: I want to speak to you;" and so led the way into a small library on the ground-floor.

What was coming next Hope had no notion; but she could not help being amused at the coolness of her entertainer, who, after addressing her as if she had been a refractory housemaid, merely pointed to a chair, and proceeded to open and read some letters which were lying on the table. The old lady did not hurry herself. She perused her letters deliberately, sat down and answered one of them, and then, as if she had suddenly recollected that there was somebody in the room, said, "Oh, Mrs. Herbert, yes. Well, Mrs. Herbert, I am sorry to say that I have heard some disagreeable reports about you."

"I am sorry, too," answered Hope, laughing a little; "but, if they are disagreeable, perhaps you had better not repeat them to me."

Lady Chatterton glanced at her with a momentary curiosity. She was not accustomed to be met in that way. "But I must repeat them to you," she said. "That was why I told you to come here to-day, you know."

"Told me to come?" echoed Hope.

"Yes; I thought it would be kind to put you on your guard. You evidently know nothing of the world, and poor Jane Lefroy is far too great a fool to be of any use to you. I dare say you understand what I am alluding to."

"Not in the least," answered Hope, staring.

"Oh! Well, I am told, and, indeed, I myself have noticed, that you are behaving foolishly with a Captain Cunningham. I know something of the young man, and what I know is by no means to his advantage: so that you would be wise, in any case, to drop his acquaintance. Of course, now that you and he have made yourselves talked about, you must give him his dismissal at once,—that is, if you wish to keep your place in society, as I presume that you do."

Hope rose and drew herself up to her full height, which was several inches above that of her accuser. "You may have meant well, Lady Chatterton," she said, with a slight tremor in her voice, which she was unable to control, "but I wish you had not thought fit to speak to me in this way. Captain Cunningham is an intimate friend of mine and of my husband's; and I certainly shall not dream of dropping his acquaintance because people have noticed that he and I are often together. And I do not believe that any one whose good opinion is worth having suspects me of—of—what you hint at."

Lady Chatterton did not seem to be offended. "Oh," she returned, with a sniff, and a twitch of her nose, "it is no use to take up *that* tone: you aren't in a position to do it. I grant you that if you were a great swell you might set the world at defiance to a certain extent, though I think that would be an undesirable and immoral proceeding even then; but, you see, you are not a great swell, and no one is likely to have mercy upon you,—especially as you are so handsome. In point of fact, you will have to drop the man or be dropped yourself: there is no alternative. You may take my word for that; and I need hardly tell you that I have no motive but your own good for saying so."

The calm impudence of this speech was too much for Hope's dignity. "Then, Lady Chatterton," said she, "pray set a good example to the rest of the world by being the first to drop me. I am sure I am neither moral enough nor 'swell' enough to be fit for your society."

And with that she hastily left the room and the house, and was in her carriage—which, luckily, was waiting for her—before Lady Chatterton had recovered from the amazement naturally aroused by so much audacity.

It was all very well to assume an air of audacity in Lady Chatterton's presence, but when that stimulus had been removed a reaction set in, and Hope felt much more ashamed than angry. In her eyes it was a terrible and disgraceful thing to be talked about as, according to that malignant old woman, people were talking about her; nor was conscious innocence quite enough to console her. She did not know whether to believe the statement or not, and, in her anxiety for more trustworthy information, she told the coachman to drive to Eaton Square. "If it is true, Aunt Jane will know of it," she thought.

Lady Jane, who was at home and alone, threw up her hands in dismay when her niece somewhat incoherently described the scene which had just taken place.

"My dear! she exclaimed, in accents of the most poignant distress, "how *could* you be so insane? To quarrel with Lady Chatterton, of all people in the world! You have made an enemy of her for life: she never forgives and never forgets."

"Is it my quarrelling with Lady Chatterton that seems to you the important thing?" asked Hope, with a touch of scorn. "It doesn't seem so to me. What I want you to tell me is whether she was speaking the truth."

"Oh, well, perhaps she was: we can talk about that presently. I don't think you at all realize what you have done. Hope, dear, would you—could you—would you very much mind—going back and begging her pardon?"

Hope burst out laughing, and then stopped abruptly. "I would rather be flayed alive," she said.

"Ah, my dear, that is so foolish!—such mistaken pride! When we have done wrong, we ought not to be above acknowledging it. And you *will* be flayed alive; at least, it comes to much the same thing. You little know what that woman is! There is nothing so bad that she will hesitate to say it about you, after this."

"Let her say anything and everything that she likes. Don't you understand, Aunt Jane, that it is a matter of complete indifference to me what she may say?"

"But I thought you came here because you were not indifferent to what people say?" observed Lady Jane, with some plausibility.

Hope bit her lips. "Well," she resumed, after a pause, "do people say that—that—I am too much with Captain Cunningham?"

"If you ask me, I am afraid I must answer that they do. I had even thought of speaking a word or two to you about it; only you are so—so——"

"Pig-headed?"

"No; touchy. You must admit that you are rather touchy, Hope, and rather self-confident too. You always think that you know best; but at your age it is impossible that you should know best; and really it is neither prudent nor becoming to flirt so openly——"

"Do *you* believe that I ever flirted with Captain Cunningham, Aunt Jane?" interrupted Hope, her eyes growing large with indignation.

Lady Jane was a kind-hearted woman, after her own limited, selfish fashion. She was fond of her niece, and even proud of her, feeling that she had done credit to the family by her marriage. "No, dear," she answered, gently; "not if you tell me that you didn't. But, you see, it did look rather like it. I blame Dick a good deal."

"Dick is not in the least to blame," returned Hope, quickly. "He doesn't have horrid thoughts and suspicions. If anybody is to be blamed, I suppose I am the one: I ought to have known that anything is believed rather than the truth."

Lady Jane sighed and rubbed her hook nose. "Unhappily, that is the case," she agreed. "And, since it is so," she added, persuasively, "don't you think you owe Lady Chatterton an apology for your rudeness?"

But, as Hope could by no means be brought to see her duty in this light, what did Lady Jane do, after dismissing her niece with some kindly words of caution and comfort, but order her carriage and drive off post-haste to Belgrave Square to cast herself at the feet of her friend and enemy! The reception that she met with was at once a joy and an astonishment to her.

"My good Jane," Lady Chatterton said, "if Mrs. Herbert were as great a coward as you are, I should certainly cut her; but, luckily for herself, she has plenty of spirit, and I like her all the better for it. Why you people put up with my insolence I can't imagine. I shouldn't if I were in your shoes; but probably you get no more than you deserve. Of course you will understand that I can't continue to know your niece unless she behaves herself: there have been far too many of these scandals of late years. But I am quite willing to let her have a second trial."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A FEW WORDS FROM MR. LEFROY.

By a coincidence not more strange than one of those which so frequently lead two learned persons, living hundreds of miles apart, to hit upon the same invention at the same moment, Dick Herbert was being warned of the danger that threatened his domestic peace even while his wife was being similarly admonished. The slow, steady march of Science brings those who dog her steps to a point at which some fresh discovery is inevitable; the bud, growing and swelling by imperceptible degrees, at length bursts suddenly into the blossom; and the proof that Captain Cunningham's alleged flirtation with Mrs. Herbert had excited genuine scandal is that it ended not only by moving a gossiping old woman like Lady Chatterton to remonstrance, but by causing so tolerant a philosopher as Mr. Lefroy to feel that he must either speak to one of the parties concerned or burst, like the bud.

To the first of these he was sure that it would be useless as well as undignified to speak; to the second it would be painful, and perhaps also productive of ill feeling,—for there is never any telling in what spirit a woman will receive rational counsel; but the third, though odd in some ways, was at least a man of the world and would not be likely to resent a word in season. When, therefore, Mr. Lefroy chanced upon Dick Herbert lunching all by himself in the club to which they both belonged, it seemed the best of good policy to sit down beside him and lead gently up to a delicate subject. The difficulty was that Herbert was so abominably matter-of-fact and straightforward. Diplomacy was thrown away upon him, and, even if he did understand what you were driving at, he would never admit as much until you had expressed your meaning in unequivocal language. Thus, after an hour of fruitless fencing and hinting, Mr. Lefroy, who by this time had accompanied his victim up-stairs to the smoking-room, was forced to come to the point.

"You and I are old friends, Herbert," he began, "and I'm sure you won't take offence at what I am going to say. Don't you think that young fellow Cunningham is rather too often at your house?"

Dick blew a cloud of smoke, watched it drift upward, and then answered, succinctly, "No."

"Well," rejoined Mr. Lefroy, a little provoked by this phlegmatic reception of his attack, "other people think so, I can tell you."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. Now, I am not given to interfering with my neighbors——"

"H'm !—I don't know," interpolated Dick : "I should have said you were rather inclined to be fussy and officious. Excuse my bluntness."

Good-natured Mr. Lefroy burst out laughing. "That isn't fair, Herbert, and you know it isn't," he returned. "Even the Prime Minister admits that I don't waste the time of the House. I never speak unless I have a good reason, and I say my little say briefly."

"Well, you have asked me briefly whether I don't think that Cunningham is too often at my house, and I have answered briefly that I don't. Doesn't that close the incident, as they say in the French Chamber?"

"Not quite; because, as I told you just now, other people think so, though you may not."

"I am not going to make myself responsible for the vain imaginings of other people."

"The question is whether they are vain. Of course I have no right to catechise you."

"None whatever."

"Oh, well, if you meet me in that way, I had better hold my tongue. I thought it would be friendly to try and open your eyes, that was all. If you like your wife's character to be taken away by a lot of old pussy-cats, there's no more to be said."

Dick's face changed slightly. He turned his head, and looked full at his interlocutor.

"Pussy-cats must be allowed to spit," he said : "there's no way of stopping them that I know of. But if you will tell me the name of any man who has taken my wife's character away, I'll undertake to stop his mouth."

"That's absurd," returned Mr. Lefroy, with an impatient gesture. "You can't thrash half the men of your acquaintance, and if you did you would only make matters worse. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*, and the more dust you kick up about an affair of that sort the dirtier you are apt to make your own coat."

"Perhaps you are right," said Dick, placidly. "I'll do nothing, then."

"Upon my word, Herbert," exclaimed Mr. Lefroy, with a vexed laugh, "you are the most extraordinary fellow I ever met! Hang me if I understand you!"

"I doubt whether you do," observed Dick. "If you think that I am the kind of man to keep my wife under lock and key, you certainly don't understand me."

"My dear fellow, I never meant to suggest such strong measures ;

but surely you might give Cunningham a hint that his room would be more welcome than his company just at present. Or you might quietly shunt him, without saying a word."

"Thanks; that is excellent advice, no doubt, but it wouldn't altogether suit me to follow it. I prefer to be open and above-board. If I thought that my wife was seeing too much of Cunningham, I should tell her what I thought. As I don't happen to think so, I shall not tell her any such thing. It's as simple a matter as that, you see."

Mr. Lefroy shook his head. "None so blind as those who won't see," he thought to himself, but refrained from giving verbal expression to this sentiment. Presently Dick, who had been reclining upon a couple of chairs, swung his long legs to the ground, assumed a more upright attitude, and laughed. "Don't look so injured, Lefroy," said he: "it's all right. You meant to do me a good turn; but it would be no earthly use for you and me to discuss questions of this kind together, because our point of view isn't the same. You have a pretty good general opinion of your fellow-creatures; you think they aren't a bad lot, taking them all round; only you wouldn't trust them much farther than you could see them. Well, that's one system; mine is different. I either trust people entirely or not at all,—indeed, I can't very well help going upon that plan,—and my wife is a person whom I trust entirely. Therefore it isn't likely that I should be afraid of her becoming too fond of another man."

Mr. Lefroy attempted to explain. Distrust of his niece was quite the last thing in the world that he had intended to imply. He believed in her implicitly; but at the same time it was surely no insult to her to suggest that she was capable of doing imprudent things. Strangers could not be expected to know that she was as innocent as a child; scandal was more easily stirred up than laid; it was always unwise to defy the dowagers, etc., etc. Dick did not wait to hear the end of the harangue, but pushed his hat to the back of his head, stuck his umbrella under his arm, as his habit was, and lounged unceremoniously down-stairs to the entrance of the club, where he stood for a few minutes, gazing down St. James's Street and ruminating.

By and by Mr. Francis, stepping briskly past, espied him, and called out, "Halloo, Herbert! what's the latest news of you?"

Dick descended to the pavement, hooked his arm into that of his friend, and accompanied him a few paces along the street. "Francis," said he, "I'm a little bit troubled in my mind."

"That does not surprise me," thought Mr. Francis to himself; but his only articulate comment was "Oh!"

"Yes: I'm not sure that I haven't made rather an ass of myself."

"Nor am I," thought Mr. Francis, as before. "Out with it, old man!" he said aloud, encouragingly.

At the top of the street Dick came to a stand-still, obstructing the traffic, while he held his friend at arm's length and stared at him fixedly. "On second thoughts," said he, with much deliberation, "I won't come out with it. No, not yet awhile,—even to you. Some day, perhaps, I'll tell you what I was going to say. Good-by."

And with that he turned, plunged across Piccadilly, and made straight for home.

"Poor old fellow!" soliloquized Mr. Francis, as he gazed after Dick's retreating form. "He might as well have relieved himself by making a full confession, for it's easy enough to guess his secret. Not that I could have given him much consolation. What has happened to him was morally bound to happen, and he has no one to thank for it but himself. All the same I do hope and trust that that sweet youth will soon get tired of Mrs. Herbert and throw her over for somebody else. Nothing would afford me keener satisfaction than to see her going about with a pale face and all the outward signs of a broken heart." With which vindictive sentiment Mr. Francis went his way.

Dick, meanwhile, was making long strides towards Bruton Street. As chance would have it, he reached his house at the very moment when Hope, fresh from her interview with Lady Jane, was passing through the door-way. She was slightly flushed, and the hand which she laid upon her husband's arm trembled a little. "Dick," she said, as they ascended the stairs together, "do you like London?"

"Hate it!" answered Dick, laconically. "At least," he added, thinking that this statement required some qualification, "I don't mind it for a bit, you know. That is, I am quite contented to be here, so long as you are amusing yourself."

"I am not amusing myself!" cried Hope, vehemently. "I have had more than enough of London life; I am utterly sick of the whole thing! Dick," she added, persuasively, after a moment, "suppose we were to go home at once?"

"What! back to Farndon?" asked Dick, somewhat startled.

"Why not, if we are both tired of this?"

"And how about all your engagements?"

"Oh, I don't think we need trouble ourselves about them. We can't be expected to keep engagements when we have left London."

"No; only it is usual to give some reason for disappearing in such a hurry."

By this time Dick was standing with his back against the mantel-

piece in the back drawing-room, which had been converted into a sort of boudoir for Mrs. Herbert's especial use, and she was sitting in a low chair beside him. "Have you any particular reason for wishing to be off?" he asked, suddenly looking her full in the face.

Hope's eyelids dropped under his inquiring gaze, and she felt the color mounting into her cheeks. She had fully intended to tell him all that Lady Chatterton and Lady Jane had said to her; but now that it had come to the point her courage failed her, and she began to doubt the wisdom of such a course. She was quite uncertain as to how he would take the announcement that an unkind construction had been placed upon her intimacy with Bertie Cunningham. In many respects Dick was a riddle to her, and she sometimes fancied that beneath that *nonchalant* exterior there might lurk a capacity for wrath which it would be decidedly unpleasant to arouse. That he would blame her she did not believe, for he must know that she was incapable of the conduct attributed to her, and he certainly did not care enough about her to be jealous; but it was likely enough that he would blame Bertie and that there would be a quarrel,—perhaps a scene. And then of course the next thing would be that Carry would hear of what had happened; and so troubles without end would arise.

It was the rapid passage of these thoughts through her mind that caused her to blush, lower her eyes, and finally answer, "I should like a little rest after all this gayety. Isn't that reason enough?"

She stole a quick glance at her husband after making this evasive speech, and she thought that something like a look of disappointment came over his face; but it was gone in an instant, and if he detected the evasion he forbore to remark upon it.

"That is reason enough for me," he replied, tranquilly. "I don't know whether it will quite satisfy your friends; but perhaps they may be allowed to remain dissatisfied. When would you like to go?"

"I could be ready to-morrow," answered Hope. The truth was that she was very anxious to escape without seeing Bertie again.

Dick smiled slightly. "I think we had better not make a positive stampede," he said. "This is Thursday: suppose we leave on Monday? That would give us time to mention to one or two people that we felt the want of a change."

Hope could not demur to so reasonable a proposal; and presently Dick added, "It will suit me very well to get away a little sooner than I had expected. I rather want to run down to Portsmouth and have a look at the yacht."

"Might I go with you?" asked Hope, timidly. "I have never seen your yacht, you know, and I think I should enjoy a short cruise.

If I turned out a disgracefully bad sailor, you could easily put me on shore somewhere and send me home."

"Oh, you couldn't go on board now," answered Dick: "she's up on the mud. I only wanted to see about fitting out, and I doubt whether she can be ready for sea much under a month or six weeks. Later on, if you cared to go to some of the regattas—— But I thought you hated yachting?"

Hope well remembered having told him so, and it struck her that he was not particularly enchanted at her having changed her mind. "I haven't had much experience of it," she answered, rather coldly; "but I certainly didn't enjoy the little that I had. After all, I think I prefer dry land."

Then she rose and left the room, taking a somewhat heavy heart upstairs with her. She was beginning to find her husband's good-natured toleration almost unendurable. She had no right to expect, and did not expect, love from him; but surely this was not the friendship he had promised her! His one wish seemed to be to see as little as possible of her. Evidently she was destined to live her life out in solitude, and now she had been deprived of one of her few friends; for she felt that after what she had heard that day there could be no renewal of the intimacy which she had found so pleasant. Indeed, it was chiefly on that account that she was desirous of leaving London as soon as might be. An explanation with Bertie must be avoided, if possible, since it was not likely that he would believe in the excuse which her husband had appeared to find quite satisfactory. No doubt it was a good thing that Dick had not guessed the truth; yet she could not help being exasperated with him for failing to guess it.

But the next morning fortune provided Mr. and Mrs. Herbert with a plausible pretext for withdrawal, and relieved them of the necessity of concocting a statement which certainly would not have taken in Lady Chatterton for one moment.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Dick, after reading the first words of a letter which he found upon the breakfast-table; "here's poor old Aunt Anne gone off at last. Carry thinks I had better go down for the funeral, and proposes to return with me. I'll bring her back to Farndon, of course. She won't care about London if she can't go out, and it wouldn't be decent for her to show herself at parties just now,—especially if she comes into the property."

"Nor would it be decent for us," observed Hope, seizing one point of the news promptly.

"Hardly, perhaps. I wonder whether the old lady has left everything to Carry."

"Supposing that she has," Hope asked, a second point presenting itself to her, "would Carry have to live in Yorkshire, do you think?"

Dick laughed. "I'm sure I don't know," he replied: "I doubt whether she would take up her abode there all alone. To be sure, she might find some one to share it with her. Do you think——" He broke off, and looked across the table at his wife, who answered the question which he had not asked.

"Oh, most likely," she said. "The additional property ought to turn the scale, and we may expect the wedding to take place as soon as the days of mourning are at an end. Poor Captain Cunningham!"

Dick laughed again; but his laughter was not very hearty. "I don't know why you should call him 'poor Captain Cunningham,'" he remarked.

"Because he is poor. If he were not poor there would be no wedding, would there?" Then, feeling rather ashamed of this display of acrimony, she added, "After all, I dare say they will be as happy as most people. Why should they not be?"

"Why not, indeed?" returned Dick, getting up. "One of them wishes for the marriage; the other, I suppose, doesn't much mind it: so it is all in accordance with custom and precedent."

There was an unusual ring of bitterness in his words; and Hope, thinking them over after he had left the room, wondered what particular precedent he had had in his mind when he spoke. Was he accusing her of having wished to marry him? Or did he mean that it was he who had wished to marry her, and that she was the one who had not "much minded"? The latter interpretation was the more agreeable, and the facts of the case supported it; but, unfortunately, there was some difficulty in reconciling it with Dick's present rule of conduct, which seemed to be simply to go his own way and let his wife go hers.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BERTIE MAKES A GREAT MISTAKE.

WHEN Lady Chatterton heard that Mr. and Mrs. Herbert had left London, she nodded her head approvingly, and, meeting Lady Jane Lefroy at a party that night, congratulated her in a few well-chosen words upon her niece's tact and common sense.

"Quite the right thing to do," she was so obliging as to say. "There are fifty ways of getting out of most scrapes; but the wisest of all is to make a bolt for it. Not over and above dignified, perhaps, but very

effectual; and, quite between ourselves, I can't wonder that Mrs. Herbert should have taken to her heels, if she had begun making comparisons between Captain Cunningham and that lantern-jawed husband of hers. It was judicious to have an excuse, too. Let me see: they killed some apocryphal relative, didn't they?"

"Indeed, no!" answered Lady Jane, plucking up a little courage; "not an apocryphal relative at all, but a genuine aunt by marriage, whom nobody killed, and who died in her bed, leaving all that she possessed to Dick's sister. And I trust you will not think, or even say, that Hope ran away from Captain Cunningham, because that is very far from the truth. In reality, she will be nearer to him at Farndon than here, as he is quartered at Windsor."

Lady Chatterton grinned. "'Even say' is not so bad," she remarked: "you are developing a talent for repartee. But you need not be alarmed: didn't I tell you that I rather liked your niece? I shall say nothing but good of her, and if she had killed and eaten her aunt by marriage it would have been quite the same thing to me. As for her being near Captain Cunningham in the country, that is her affair and her husband's, not mine. The law doesn't forbid a man to be drunk and disorderly in his own house, and the morals of society are not affected by what takes place within the limits of your own park-palings." And, having given this incidental definition of social ethics, Lady Chatterton passed on, with a twitch of her nose and a sniff.

It must be admitted that if Hope's object was to avoid meeting Bertie Cunningham she was scarcely likely to attain that purpose by a move from Bruton Street to Farndon Court; but in truth it was rather the scrutiny of Lady Chatterton and other such persons that she longed to be delivered from. She had been deeply pained and angered by the revelation which had been made to her, and, for the time being, felt sickened with the whole fashionable world. She had enjoyed herself among these people; they had been kind to her and had made much of her, and she had believed a large proportion of them to be really her friends. Yet it seemed that, all the time, they had been busily circulating the cruellest rumors about her that can be circulated about a woman. She was glad to turn her back upon them and to shake the dust of their city off her feet. Bertie Cunningham she did not blame, being convinced that he was as innocent as herself; but, knowing that their future intercourse must be more or less constrained, she was not anxious to receive him, and trusted that his engagements would prevent him from showing his face at Farndon before the end of the season, at least.

But it is needless to say that in this expectation she was disap-

pointed. She had not been long at home when, looking out from an upper window one fine afternoon, she descried Captain Cunningham riding across the park, and, as she watched him passing from sunlight into shade and back into the sunlight again, it comforted her to reflect that she could not be called upon to grant him a private interview. In the presence of a third person he would hardly, she thought, display a troublesome curiosity as to the cause of her change of residence; and, even if he did, her half-mourning costume and the deeper trappings and garb of woe worn by Carry would be a sufficient answer to him. For Carry had returned, richer by the possession of a commodious mansion and several thousand acres of Yorkshire soil, together with a goodly sum of hard cash in the three per cents.; and Carry was at that moment seated in the drawing-room, from the windows of which apartment she, too, had detected Captain Cunningham's approach.

"Perhaps he has not come to see me, after all," Hope thought, as she slowly descended the stairs; and this impression was confirmed when she entered the drawing-room and was confronted by her visitor. He greeted her with a certain formality; he looked grave and seemed ill at ease; insomuch that she began to wonder whether any male Lady Chatterton had been treating him as she herself had been treated.

Of course nothing of that kind had taken place. No man had felt it his duty to warn Bertie that he was compromising Mrs. Herbert by his behavior,—indeed, it would have been rather late in the day to address such remonstrances to that quarter,—nor had it occurred to him that he was in any way answerable for the abrupt disappearance from London of a lady whom he esteemed as much as he loved. What was making him uncomfortable was the apparition of what he felt to be his fate, in the person of the wealthy and sable-clad Carry. He had contrived of late to forget her, or, at any rate, not to think about her; but now here she was, as large as life, and at the sight of her his heart grew heavy within him.

Carry had a restless, excited look which was not unbecoming to her, her cheeks being a little pinker and her eyes brighter than usual. Hope, as she came in, saw her sister-in-law make a scarcely perceptible movement of impatience, and understood that she was *de trop*; but there was no help for that. She sat down; and presently Bertie, resuming, as it seemed, an interrupted discussion, observed, "I call you uncommonly lucky, all the same. If any old woman would leave me an estate and a lot of coin, I shouldn't think a few weeks of watching by her bedside too long a price to pay for it."

"I don't deny that money is a useful thing," said Carry.

"Useful! Why, it's indispensable,—simply indispensable! No

doubt you may be rich without being happy ; but I really can't see how anybody is to be happy without being rich."

Carry opened her lips to speak, but closed them again, and was silent awhile. "I had as much as I required before," she remarked, at length. "Aunt Anne's money will do nothing for me ; at least, I suppose not. It's a pity one can't give away one's superfluity."

"It is, indeed ! If such gifts could be accepted, I should have a word to put in for a deserving person," said Bertie, with dismal jocularity.

"And I should ask nothing better than to act upon your recommendation," returned Carry, knowing that she was treading upon dangerous ground, yet deriving a sort of painful pleasure from watching the play of the young man's countenance. She understood pretty well what was the nature of his feelings with regard to her ; she knew that her wealth must be an immense temptation to him : there was only one rag of an illusion which she permitted herself to retain. "If he loved me ever so much, he could not marry me unless I were well off," was what she thought.

"The utmost that I could spend upon myself would be two or three thousand a year," she continued, aloud,—*"enough to pay for keep, clothing, and four or five horses. For you it is quite different ; there are so many things that men want."*

Bertie nodded and sighed. "Yes ; a heap," he agreed.

"And all of them indispensable ?" Hope could not help asking.

She did not wait for his answer, but hurriedly changed the subject, and, after a quarter of an hour of desultory conversation, which was kept up with some difficulty, Bertie rose to take his leave.

He resolved, as he rode away, that his visits to Farndon should be few and far between for the present. It might be, and it probably was, his ultimate destiny to marry Miss Herbert ; but to resume the pseudo-love-making which had been interrupted six months before, to propose and to become engaged to the woman whom he did not love, under the roof of the woman whom he did,—no ! he could not go through all that again. Some more fitting occasion would doubtless present itself. Indeed, it was his habit to wait for fitting occasions, and the longer he had to wait the better he was pleased. But, as might have been anticipated, his sense of the fitness of things was not strong enough to keep him away from Farndon Court for more than a few days ; and, whatever may have been the attraction that drew him thither, he soon ceased to resist it. Being afraid to speak much or often to Hope, lest he should arouse Carry's jealousy, he did not notice that she avoided him. A certain coldness in her manner he did notice ; but that, he thought, was

easily to be accounted for. Of course she must despise him ; of course she could feel nothing but contempt for the ignoble part which circumstances forced him to play. He put on a melancholy face whenever she appeared, and even in her absence was apt to be silent and out of spirits.

Thus a week or two passed away, without any special event to mark them, and the four persons who spent the greater portion of this quiet period together would have been as contented as fine weather and plenty of expedients for killing time could make them, had not each and all of them been irritated by a sense of suspense and a conviction that things could not go on in this fashion much longer. Even Dick was provoked into saying to his wife, "I wish to goodness the fellow would do one thing or the other ! The end of it will be I shall have to ask him his intentions."

"Perhaps Carry will save you the trouble," answered Hope, who was quite unable to feel any sympathy with her sister-in-law in this matter, although she was sincerely sorry for her.

"Upon my word, I believe it would be the best thing that she could do," returned Dick, laughing. "He is coming over to dine and sleep for the dance next Thursday, and if she doesn't bring him to the point then I shall begin to doubt whether she ever will. It strikes me very forcibly that our young friend Cunningham is giving us all a great deal more bother than he is worth."

"It is hardly his doing," Hope felt bound, in justice to the absent, to urge.

"Well, perhaps not," agreed Dick, pensively,— "perhaps not. Very few things appear to be anybody's doing in particular, when you come to look into them."

It certainly was not Hope's doing that the neighbors had been bidden to a dance at Farndon Court. That, as well as sundry picnics and other entertainments of a mild order which had preceded it, was entirely due to the initiative of Carry, who may possibly have thought, as her brother did, that opportunities were thereby afforded to persons desirous of "coming to the point." It was by her suggestion also that a numerous house-party was invited to assemble at this time. Parliament having now risen, the Lefroys, among others, were persuaded to pay their niece a flying visit, and Hope derived some satisfaction from the thought that any lingering suspicions of her which Lady Jane might harbor would now probably be dispelled. It would take a very perverse person to see Captain Cunningham and Miss Herbert together and then accuse the former of flirting with his hostess.

Nor did Lady Jane fail to justify expectation. She arrived on the afternoon of the day appointed for the dance, and during dinner made

use of her eye-glasses to such purpose that she afterwards took Hope aside and squeezed her hand, saying, with warm approval, "My dear, you have managed it admirably!—so wise of you to have a few people whom one knows in the house! Between ourselves, I may tell you that your flight at such very short notice *was* a little remarked upon; but you couldn't make a better answer than this. It is an old affair, you know; it has been dragging on for I don't know how long, and I really don't think he can back out of it now. Though, to be sure, there is no telling, because in these days young men don't seem to care what they do, and no one ever dreams of bringing them to book. But, at all events, everybody must admit that *you* have done your best to bring on a crisis; and that is the main thing."

"The main thing," thought Hope, "is to be thoroughly selfish." But it was just as well not to say this, and, as she had done nothing to promote or impede the crisis alluded to, she was disposed neither to blame herself nor to claim credit from others. She was a little disappointed in Bertie, and she believed that Carry was on the way towards the commission of a fatal blunder; but the turn which events had taken was beyond her control, and was most likely the inevitable outcome of equally inevitable circumstances. After all, as Dick had averred, very few things were the doing of anybody in particular.

Upheld by this agreeable sense of irresponsibility, Hope discharged the less complicated duty of receiving her guests in a manner which left nothing to be desired. Her season in London had not been thrown away upon her. She had learned without much difficulty the knack, which many ladies who live in the world and for the world never acquire, of being ready with the right thing to say at the right moment; she looked very beautiful and very distinguished; and Lady Jane, tapping Dick emphatically on the arm with her fan, said, "A success!—a complete success! Allow me to congratulate you. I may be allowed to congratulate myself too; for I always maintained that Hope was just the wife for you."

"It is only fair to admit that you always did," answered Dick. "I don't recollect, though, that I ever expressed any doubt of it myself."

"No; not you. But she doubted a good deal, I can assure you. However, all's well that ends well."

"Have we come to the end yet?" asked Dick, and turned away without waiting for a reply.

The spacious rooms, opening one out of the other, which formed the ground-floor of Farndon Court were well adapted for entertaining, and seemed, indeed, to have been built for that end. Lighted by an abundance of wax candles, and decorated with masses of flowers, which the

head gardener had sacrificed in much bitterness of spirit, they deserved the encomium passed upon them by an enthusiastic gentleman who said, "By Jove, Mrs. Herbert, with a house like this, you ought to give a ball every week!" The warm, scented air was stirred by waves of the fitful breeze which was blowing outside, and which set the lace curtains swaying; the plaintive melody of the waltzes rose and fell in measured cadence. Hope flitted from room to room, talking to the dowagers, introducing shy youths to partnerless maidens, and pausing every now and then to watch the dancers, among whom Bertie and Carry were conspicuous. Carry was an admirable waltzer, Hope noticed. She herself declined to dance in the earlier part of the evening, despite the earnest request of Bertie, whose protestations she cut short rather summarily. It was not until nearly midnight that she yielded to the entreaties, or rather commands, of one of his brother officers,—a smooth-faced, fair-haired boy, fresh from Eton,—who was determined to have what he wanted and would take no refusal.

"Oh, but you must, you know, Mrs. Herbert," he said. "You've been doing your duty like a Spartan for the last two hours, and I'm not going to let you sit out any longer to please anybody."

So Hope laughed and allowed him to whirl her away, and a passing glance which she obtained of Bertie's surprised and angry face was, somehow or other, not displeasing to her. Why she should have derived gratification from this disappointment of an old friend she did not ask herself; nor was she able to give any good reason for repeating her refusal when he again approached her and begged, rather formally, for the next waltz. It was then considerably later, and during the interval she had had three different partners.

"But that only shows that I have danced too much and ought to stop," she said, when he reminded her of this circumstance.

"I think it shows that you are ready to dance with everybody except me," Bertie returned. "And I can't make out why."

It suddenly struck Hope that she was giving rather too much importance to a small matter. "As you please, then," she said, and laid her hand on his shoulder without more ado. Lady Jane was out of sight; nobody was watching her; and, when all was said and done, there could be little harm in taking a few turns round the room with a man who was as good as engaged to her sister-in-law.

But perhaps it was not quite so wise to step through one of the open windows and out on to the terrace with him when the waltz came to an end. Hope did so, in the first place because he suggested it and because it is very disagreeable to say "No" to every proposition that is made to you, and in the second because she thought that it would be pleasant to

take a peep out of doors on such a fine night. And very pleasant it certainly was out there in the cool, dark garden. The breeze had died away into a dead calm; there was a fresh, moist fragrance in the air, and a silvery haze hung over the grass. The full moon, sinking in the west, was hidden by a belt of trees; but its light fell upon the wooded hills opposite, and nothing could be more natural than to walk on a short distance and look down upon the lake, which lay in deep shadow beneath. Hope dropped the cloak which she had brought out with her on to the balustrade, and, resting her arms upon it, contemplated the prospect, to which Bertie, who had seated himself sideways so as to command a full view of something which pleased him more, turned his back.

"Would you mind," he asked, "telling me what I have done to affront you?"

Hope started, and began to wish that she had remained in-doors. She had been expecting this question any time during the past three weeks; but, as it had never been put, she had lately concluded that Captain Cunningham did not value her friendship so very highly, and that he had not observed any diminution of cordiality on her part. The consequence was that she was taken by surprise, and could not recollect any of the appropriate speeches which she had prepared for this emergency.

"You are quite mistaken: I am not in the least affronted with you," was all that she found to say.

"Your voice tells a different story. I wish you would speak plainly to me. And yet I am not sure that I do wish it: it isn't necessary. Of course I know why you are annoyed with me; and you are right, I suppose. I am going to do a shabby sort of thing; though I didn't think it a specially shabby thing until—until—I knew you; and it's only what other men do every day and are rather praised for than not. I can't help it; that's my sole excuse."

"I don't pretend to set myself up as a judge of your actions," answered Hope, rather relieved to find that he was upon the wrong tack; "but I should have thought that nobody need do wrong knowingly. And, if you compare yourself with others, isn't it the knowledge of committing a shabby action that makes all the difference between you and them?"

"Oh, I dare say it is," replied the young man, despondently. "I shouldn't consider it shabby if it were not for—for—well, never mind. To marry without being in love is not a shabby action in itself; you'll allow that."

"Not so long as there is no pretence, perhaps."

"But there must be pretence: we discussed that point once before, if you remember. I'm sure I don't know what to do! It seems to me that I have got between the devil and the deep sea, and whichever way I turn there is grief ahead. Decide for me! I would rather have your decision than my own. Shall I marry, or shall I not?"

"How can you expect me to answer such a question?" exclaimed Hope. "I couldn't if I would, and most certainly I wouldn't if I could."

"In point of fact, you don't care."

"I care very much. We have been great friends——"

"But we aren't great friends any longer?" interrupted Bertie.

"Yes, we are. At all events, we can be again, and I am sure you have my best wishes. But you must see how impossible it is that I should make up your mind for you. There is a great deal to be said on both sides,—more than I know of, most likely. If you have to choose between two evils, you must take the lesser, I suppose."

"Is that all the help that you can give me?"

"What would you have me say? As far as I can judge, it would be disgraceful in you to draw back now; but I don't know whether it isn't even more disgraceful to marry for the sake of money alone."

If Bertie had foreseen that his conduct was going to be called disgraceful, he would not, perhaps, have asked Mrs. Herbert to accompany him to the terrace. Such language was by no means what he was accustomed to hear, and in his vexation he forgot himself so far as to murmur, "Yet that was what you did yourself."

Hope crimsoned all over the face and neck. "That is neither just nor true!" she cried. "You have no right to say such things to me, and I am very sorry that you should have thought you could."

She picked up her cloak as she spoke, and moved away towards the house. But Bertie sprang off the parapet and caught her hand.

"For God's sake, don't quarrel with me!" he exclaimed. "Anything rather than that! I beg your pardon a thousand times over for having offended you. Of course I ought not to have said it; but you don't know how miserable I am! Or perhaps you do know; I think you must know. You can't have helped seeing how I love you. I loved you the very first time that I saw you,—at that ball, do you remember?—and I always shall love you as long as I live. If only things had been different!—if only I could have ventured to tell you long ago——"

He did not finish his sentence. Hope had wrenched her hand away from him, had retreated a pace, and was looking at him in a way which fairly struck him dumb with amazement. Her face had lost every ves-

tige of color, and its expression of horror and disgust could not have been greater if he had been the vilest wretch alive, instead of being only an unhappy young man crossed in love.

"What is the matter?" he stammered out, foolishly.

Hope could not reply. She averted her head and suddenly threw out her hands, as if she were trying to push some hideous sight away from her. Then she moved quickly towards the house. But, after taking a few steps, she turned and faced the young man, who was following her.

"We must keep up appearances," she said, in a hard voice. "That is the great thing, is it not?—the only thing that you, and people like you, care about. I shall have to meet you sometimes, I suppose; but I will never speak to you again, if I can help it. And one thing more: I don't believe what you told me just now; I don't believe that you know what love is. But nothing that you can ever say or do will make me forget that you have taken me for a woman who might be safely insulted."

And so she passed through the open window into the ball-room, and, maintaining a self-command which astonished herself, was presently walking through a set of Lancers with the first person who had chanced to cross her path.

W. E. Norris.

(To be continued.)

THE DESTRUCTION OF LOVE-LETTERS.

HOW like the blessed martyrs when ye burned,
 Witnessing sacred faith, though in the fire!
 Your dear mortality, to ashes turned,
 Sent forth a soul that never can expire.
 Wherever love is, well may flames be spurned,
 Since deathless essence ever mounteth higher.
 And when ye died, where should your being flit
 But straight to mine that was the source of it?

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

OUR EXPERIENCE MEETINGS.

IV.

MY LITERARY CAREER.

ALTHOUGH the *I* is hateful, as Pascal says, one is sometimes obliged to make use of it, especially in the case of personal recollections,—of those which cannot be placed in the mouth of another. For the first time in my life, therefore, I shall use the first person singular in writing of myself.

I was born in Paris, in the month of October, 1842, in an old house of the Rue de Grenelle, situated in front of the Rue de Lachaise. My father has told me more than once that at the very moment when he heard my first cry he was looking out upon the long line of the deserted street in the gray dusk of morning. It was a grim and melancholy neighborhood; but we did not remain there long, and my first distinct remembrance of a home is of that in the Rue Bellechasse,—the top story of an imposing mansion overlooking the open space upon which the church of Sainte-Clotilde has since been built. From our balcony could be seen the wooded hills that crown Paris with a diadem of verdure; and this balcony served to initiate me into many things.

Here it was that I looked down upon the revolution of 1848. The public offices were mostly in our neighborhood, and the crowd surged around them, shouting and singing, but without any real disorder. There had been fighting elsewhere. I knew this only too well from the sounds of cannon and musketry. I realized it still more vividly when passing through the Place de la Concorde two days afterwards I saw great pools of blood marking the spot where horses, and perhaps men also, had been slain. But the scenes on our Place Bellechasse were only peaceable, and sometimes comic. One of these especially has remained graven on my memory.

Algeria and its chief Abd-el-Kader were very popular at the time. The first impulse of the triumphant republicans was to glorify the independent Arabs who had resisted us for so many years and had recently concluded a peace. The impulse was not a logical one; but logic does not often go hand in hand with sentiment. The carriage of one of the Algerine ambassadors happened to pass through the Rue Bellechasse. It was stopped by a crowd of fanatics, who wished to bear the terrified Arab in triumph upon their shoulders. I shall never forget my impression of fear, and yet of amusement also, when above the swaying

mob I beheld the bronzed and turbaned head, the big burnous, and the delicate hands of Bou-Maza. The procession disappeared around the corner, shouting, "*Vive la République!*" and singing the song of the Girondins, "*Mourir pour la Patrie!*"

When my father returned on the evening of the 24th of February, I ran to ask him the meaning of "*la République.*"

"It means liberty and equality for every one," he replied.

The answer was possibly a little above the understanding of a child of five, but none the less it bore unexpected fruit.

At the door of the War Office, in the Rue St. Dominique, was usually stationed, at the hour when we took our daily walk, a grisly-bearded veteran. Once, in passing by this sentinel, my mother, to quiet some juvenile outburst, had said to me, "If you don't behave yourself, this man will put you in prison." And the soldier, feigning a deep, fierce voice, had added, "Yes, it is I who put naughty children in prison."

I had looked at him askance, thinking that our family matters were none of his business, but had said nothing. Still, in my own private memory—a memory which is a special gift from Providence, and often a very troublesome one—I had stored away the recollection of this little scene, very certain of being able to find it again; for I can never forget a sorrow or an injustice, though I can forgive as easily as any one.

On the evening of February 24 the enthusiasm was universal. Willingly or unwillingly, every one had to illuminate. The grocers ran short of candles. Men would press one another's hands in the street, crying, "*Vive la République!*" with tears of joy in their eyes. My father and mother went out-doors to enjoy this unique spectacle, and took me with them.

It chanced that my old enemy the sentinel was on guard in front of the War Office, and I recognized him at once. Full of my father's words, which had given the Republic so noble an appearance to my youthful imagination, I planted myself in front of the veteran, and, in a little voice as clear as a fife, I cried,—

"Now you can no longer put me in prison when I do not deserve it; because the Republic is liberty and equality for every one."

My words had been overheard, and a cry arose around me accompanied by frantic applause. My father was obliged to place me upon his shoulders to show the crowd the little person who had just defined the Republic. The definition, to be sure, was not my own, as I had heard it from my father; but the success was all mine. This was my first ovation. I would not have mentioned it were it not that the

ardent love of liberty and of justice was then born in my heart and was destined to remain with me for the rest of my life.

Two or three years after, the frosty net-work on my window-panes inspired me with a sort of rhymed and rhythmic song, which I used to sing to myself to an air of my own composition and an accompaniment on the piano of my own invention : very simple they must have been, I doubt not.

"Why, those are verses!" cried my father one evening, when, thinking I was alone, I was engaged in singing my own song.

I was obliged to write down the verses. They ran pretty smoothly, but my father pointed out some faults, which I corrected myself. So it happened that a piece of poetry subscribed with my name made its appearance on a sheet of letter-paper. This was the beginning of my autorial trials. All my relations asked for copies of the verses, and my leisure hours were given up to copying and recopying on sheets of gilt-edged paper the first lucubrations of my muse. So weary did I grow of the work that for a long time afterwards I did not dare to write down the rhymes continually running through my head, lest I should have to copy them indefinitely.

In 1857 another piece of poetry fell into my father's hands, and he had it printed in a provincial journal. In return I received the first verses ever dedicated to me : it was a young mill-girl of Normandy, a humble fireside poet, that welcomed the arrival of a sister as humble as herself.

The muse tempted me sorely, and I made many verses,—poor ones, I fear, but, luckily, they have not been preserved. In 1857 I followed my father to Russia, and for some time the cares of daily life prevented me from writing anything more than an occasional stanza embodying a thought or a sentiment.

In 1866, being then at St. Petersburg, my father informed me that a children's paper was about to be started, and that I might write a short story for the first number. I had not the least confidence in my own imaginative powers, and I searched through many historical works for a romantic subject which might touch young hearts. The history of Austria furnished me with the story of a certain Marguerite de Hapsbourg whose adventures were truly extraordinary. I added certain details to the bare facts; but when I reread my manuscript in cold blood I found it did not give me the satisfaction I had a right to expect from the labor I had spent upon it. However, I took it to my father, but had the pain of learning from him that the paper had died before seeing the light. I cast "Marguerite" into a drawer, and have never seen her since.

One or, at most, two years afterwards, a monthly journal was started in St. Petersburg, and I was invited to contribute a short story. "Marguerite" being no longer seasonable, I wrote a little fantasy called "The Melancholy Waltz,"—since republished in my volume of "Sketches." It was very successful, and I received much praise; but, through want of sufficient capital, the *Revue Septentrionale* never published more than one number, and the wings of my imagination were once more clipped.

I then conceived the idea of writing for the theatre. The dialogue form, the rapid succession of events which the stage demands, seemed to me a more suitable framework than fiction for the ideas that chased one another through my brain. I wrote some half-dozen pieces, one of which appeared to me, after finishing it, to be worth versifying. Poetry is a rich mantle, and nothing is so noble, provided the mantle covers a human body,—a fact which our Parnassian school seems often to forget. My drama "Pro Patria" had a body, that could not be doubted, and I fitted on it the robe of poetry; after all which I advanced no further than when I had started: in other words, not only was my drama not acted, but it was not even read by any one who might have caused it to be acted.

About this time the Franco-Prussian war broke out. In that one absorbing topic I lost all interest in literary and artistic matters. When peace was restored, in 1872, we—that is, M. Durand, whom I had married in Russia, and myself—determined to establish ourselves in France, where we might find more regular employment for our energies. We left St. Petersburg for Paris, but before leaving I had the satisfaction of learning that the editor of the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* had accepted for publication a novelette which I had recently written, entitled "Across the Fields."

This little story was so far successful that M. Horn was willing to make terms for another longer one. This was called "Boris Grébof," but is now known as "Louisa." A third, "The Princess Oghérof," was also printed in the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*. But I could find no periodical in Paris which would print my prose writings—even for nothing.

To all M. Durand's inquiries the publishers would answer, "Make yourself known, and we will publish your writings." But to the question "How does one become known?" the reply was, "You must get your writings published."

Tired of revolving round this vicious circle for four years, we determined, on the 1st of June, 1876, that we would return to Russia in the following October, unless our lot had changed in the mean while.

"The Koumiassines" had been left with the editors of *La Patrie*, "Dosia" was slumbering in the drawers of the *Journal des Débats*, "The Expiation of Savéli" had long been forgotten in the office of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, together with an article of M. Durand's on "The Bards of Little Russia." How could we expect any favorable change in the situation? Had not a well-known Parisian publisher declared that I had not a particle of talent? Even the friendship of Ivan Tourgenief was of no worldly advantage to us, although the moral help of his sympathy and esteem was very precious.

Fully determined on leaving Paris, not merely for Russia, but for Siberia, where professors are rarer, better appreciated, and better paid, we went to spend a few days in Nemours with a friend, the comedian A. Dupuis, who, after having created several of the most important rôles in the comedies of Dumas *filz*, had during seventeen theatrical seasons played with unusual brilliancy in St. Petersburg.

We had not been in Nemours more than twelve hours when M. Durand received a letter asking him to call at once at the office of the *Revue des deux Mondes* to read the proofs of his article, which was to appear June 15, just three days later. He started for Paris, and returned the same evening, beaming with joy. The *Revue des deux Mondes* had accepted "The Expiation of Savéli," which would appear on the 1st of July. Next morning another letter informed us that the *Journal des Débats* would begin the publication of "Dosia" on the 28th of June.

Here was success at last, and a signal success. On July 2 I received a visit from M. Nourrit, a member of the house of Plon, who proposed to me the terms of a contract that was highly advantageous. This contract—the terms of which the same house have of their own motion made still more advantageous in view of the subsequent unlooked-for success of my books—assured me from that time forth something more than a competence during the rest of my life and to my heirs after me.

The Parisian journals seemed to have gone wild over the new author. All of them wished to have some article signed by me, and drawers and pigeon-holes were ransacked for their benefit. Eight great newspapers or reviews were simultaneously engaged in publishing the stories and sketches which had been accumulating upon my hands during the years of my obscurity. In all the book-store windows my novels had the place of honor.

It was a delicious period. We left the humble rooms where we had worked so long, moving to a larger apartment, and thence we again moved to a small house, surrounded by a garden, close to the Butte

Montmartre. The house, which was soon filled with costly furniture and objects of art, received the visits of many distinguished men and charming women, among whom were not a few Americans brought to see us by one of the women whom the United States should ever hold in honor for elevation of character and nobility of ideas,—Miss Helen Stanley.

But the Montmartre house in time became too small, and some years ago we left it for a spacious apartment situated on the Quai Voltaire, in one of the most charming spots in Paris, full of historic memories.

We were not blinded by our sudden success. We knew that we must prepare ourselves against the reaction by which public opinion sometimes revenges itself for the infatuations of the moment. It was necessary to work without ceasing, to work harder than in the past, in order not to retrograde, and, if possible, to make additional progress.

One of the marked traits of this success was that it was the spontaneous fruit of a universal judgment. We had been told that the press was very powerful and that critics were hard to win over. To the glory of French criticism, I declare that I met with no difficulty. All the papers spoke with praise of my works, and I had not to beg a single favor from any one.

By the end of the next two years I had published, besides the three novels already mentioned, "Suzanne Normis," "Ariadne," "The House of Maurèze" (which Edmond About has declared a *tour de force* in its exact reproduction of the language, manners, and even the very atmosphere of the eighteenth century), "La Niania," "The Trials of Raïssa," "The Friend," "Russian Stories," and "Sketches." They all represented my past! From that time forth I published fewer books, but I was as busy as ever.

In 1877, the paper *Le Temps* having asked me for a long novel of Russian manners, I left for St. Petersburg with M. Durand, who meanwhile had been obliged to add to his name my pseudonyme of Gréville, in order to distinguish himself from the innumerable Durands scattered over France. I will add in this connection, and thus satisfy many inquiries which I have received from time to time, that the name Gréville is that of a hamlet in Normandy, situated twenty-five miles west from Cherbourg, on the English Channel. This hamlet has from a remote antiquity been inhabited by a family named Fleury, of whom my father is at present the sole living representative. For centuries the modest proprietors of the soil have lived there in peaceful industry; and I could not have done better than borrow from them the name of the cradle of my family.

We remained in Russia for six weeks. It was a particularly inter-

esting period. While we were at Moscow, war was declared between Russia and Turkey, in the midst of a pious enthusiasm that was amusing to watch. For the Russian people it was not a political war, but a religious one. The Turks have never ceased to appear as pagans in the eyes of the Russians. They confound Mohammedanism with the worship of idols, and battle is with them but the duty of securing the triumph of the cross.

Some months after our return I met with an unfortunate accident, involving a compound fracture of my right leg just above the ankle, and I was confined to my bed for three months. I found my confinement extremely irksome at such times as it was not actually painful. As soon as I was well enough to sit up in an invalid-chair my cheerfulness returned, and I began work upon the novel "Marrying one's Daughter." I finished this book at Havre, whither the doctor had sent me for change of air. I dragged myself with difficulty on crutches, and I instinctively avoided the society of strangers. Seated in a large arm-chair, in the embrasure of a window overlooking the harbor, I wrote some of the best pages of my book, watching the movements of the great transatlantic steamers, whose arrival and departure are always affairs of moment in this city.

Next winter I gave *Le Temps* my "Russian Violin."

Notwithstanding the artistic and financial success of my works, something was still wanting to make my satisfaction complete. I had always wished to write for the masses. It seemed to me that the great public contented itself with the unwholesome and often insipid literature provided by the penny papers only because nothing better was offered to it. An opportunity to write for the *Petit Journal* was extended to me, and I gladly seized it. I wrote "The Frappier Mill," and was happy to find that I had not been mistaken. "The Frappier Mill" enjoyed such success with its million and a half of readers as had never been exceeded, and had only once before been equalled, according to the avowal of the proprietors themselves. I afterwards contributed "Rose Rosier" and "Angèle" to the same publication; and if I have ceased writing for the people, it is not because they and I have not remained on the most excellent terms. I hope soon to begin again writing for simple hearts and fresh souls who understand and appreciate the primitive emotions. Writing for them is a joy in itself, and the most salutary of lessons to the writer. It is in this manner that he finds his way back to the well-springs of natural feeling.

Since the last-named works I have written some half-dozen psychological studies, cast in the form of fiction.

Shall I speak of my experience as a lecturer? It was in Belgium

that for the first time I was called upon to address the public. My opinions on the woman question were wanted. I had no idea of the manner in which I should speak before an audience. I had thought a great deal upon the subject, but I had never had any opportunity to formulate my thoughts, except in a little book of moral precepts for the use of young girls in the primary schools.

The sound of my own voice fell oddly upon my ears in the great hall, full to overflowing, which held about eight hundred people. Nevertheless I went on speaking, and in a very short while, ten minutes at most, I was stopped by a strange sound, resembling that of hail beating upon window-panes. This was applause. I was a success as a lecturer.

Next day I went through the same experiences in the hall of the "Grande Harmonie" at Antwerp. The audience numbered about three thousand, and at least two thousand were obliged to stand. The success was even more brilliant than before, for I was frequently interrupted by applause so loud and long-continued that I had to pause until it was over.

Since that time I have been called to Holland and Switzerland, and have delivered some sixscore lectures, always with the same success and to the same overflowing houses.

The newspapers, always and everywhere, have been very favorable to me. It is a noteworthy fact, this unanimity of the critical press both towards my literary work and towards my lectures, which are a continuation of my literary work. Do I mean to say that I have never been attacked? No; I have been attacked, certainly, but in a manner which has no connection with literature. My republican opinions—opinions that I glory in—have armed against me some of those who sigh for the return of a monarchy. The friendship of Léon Gambetta has cost me the hatred of those who have no sympathy with ardent patriotism; but I do not think I paid too dearly for the honor of knowing that this illustrious man shared my manner of looking at more than one subject.

And the jealous and envious, aside from all political considerations, have I not met them too? Alas! who can boast of having escaped the universal fate? However, I cannot help seeing that I am unusually fortunate. Those who attack me are not in the ranks of the most highly esteemed, while all who have a real calling for literature in its highest and noblest forms are my friends, both at home and abroad. These are the people who encourage me; and I am greatly in need of encouragement, for I cannot guard myself from doubt, the doubt which is so cruel, of the worth of each book I write. With the friendship and

the esteem of the best minds I easily console myself for the malice of others, and nothing but sickness and death, over which none of us are masters, can prevent me from continuing my career in the way I have begun it, working my best, inspired by the love of truth and of justice.

Henry Gréville.

HOW I CAME TO BE A WRITER OF BOOKS.

To the insincere and the seekers after the sensational for the sensational press I have always been obliging. But I hardly know how to answer the earnest question as to how I came to be a writer. Perhaps the best way is to run briefly over the first pages of my early and very active life.

To begin with, I spent all my boyhood, up to the end of my seventeenth year, when I returned to Oregon to complete my education and enter on the study of the law, in the mountains of Northern California. I must mention, however, that meantime I made several trips as a kind of interpreter with some Mexican horse- and mule-drovers down into Arizona and Northern Mexico.

These Mexicans were always most kind to me; so much better, too, in all respects than the Americans, mostly from the border-States, and of the kind that afterwards made Kansas famous, or, rather, infamous. These men hated Mexicans heartily, and never let any opportunity pass without plundering them, and even murdering them. I think it was to put around them a sort of moral protection from this terrible class that the Mexicans kept me with them. For, I assure you, the treatment of this conquered people in the early days of California was simply monstrous.

It was this that had driven Joaquin Murietta, while yet a youth, to become the most terrible and bloody outlaw our land has ever known. A reward of many thousands had been offered for his head, he had been captured, killed, and his head was in spirits and on exhibition in San Francisco, when I took up my pen for the first time and wrote a public letter in defence of the Mexicans.

A tradition had all the time prevailed that the young outlaw had not been killed at all, but was still in the mountains of California, while some inoffensive fellow's head had taken the reward and was still drawing large sums in the city. So that, when my letter came out, a Sacramento paper, as much in a spirit of banter as anything else, I suppose, said that now it was certain that the outlaw was not only still alive, but

had the audacity to write to the public prints in defence of himself and his fellow-robbers.

This paper reached the mountains, where I was known to a good many men, mainly because I was the only white boy in the country, and in my little circle of a dozen or so I was rated and saluted—in fun, of course—as the great desperado Joaquin.

Soon I returned to Oregon, where I completed my studies, read law, and, when twenty-one, was admitted to the bar under ex-Attorney-General George H. Williams, my life-long friend.

New gold-mines having been found in what is now Idaho, I took my law-books and entered the gold-fields, along with thousands of my old friends from the mountains of Northern California with whom I had in one way and another spent my early youth. But there was little to do in the law, and these old Californians chose me as one of their expressmen to ride to and from the nearest settlement and carry their gold out and their letters in. In California I had been in some battles with the Indians, had been twice badly wounded, and so was not strong enough to do good work in the mines; and that is why I was made an expressman by these men. I am forgetting to mention that, in a good-humored way, they revived the old name of "Joaquin," to my great annoyance. A rival express started, and with it stories about Joaquin Murietta, and no doubt vague whispers that I was, if not the robber himself, none too good, etc., etc.

I made a few thousand dollars, went back to my father, went into a political paper; and then I heard all about myself, you may be certain, from the other side. I felt dreadful; but as the name stuck to me I stuck to it. I went back to my old California friends, who by this time had settled in Northern Oregon and organized a county, and began the practice of my profession. An election was held for county and State officers, and, although the Californians put up one of their own number against me for county judge,—and a good lawyer and strong man he was, too,—they allowed me, with a single exception, to lead my ticket.

I had now four years of work before me, and began building houses, planting trees, and getting the depleted finances of the county in shape. The county paper was selling at twenty-three cents; but by inducing some Chinese companies to mine and pay the State mining tax our paper was soon at par.

And now, having done what I deemed a service to my country, I set to work to say something again for my old friends the Mexicans. My real name, bear in mind, is not "Joaquin," as all can see who care to turn to any of my books and look on the copyright-page. But

there was no shaking off that name. And so, when my first book was published, a small affair in verse and published in Oregon, it was entitled "Joaquin."

At the end of my four years of office I went to Europe, but still had little notion of writing books. I had met Bret Harte, then editor of *The Overland*, in San Francisco, and left a little sketch about rough times in Idaho. Finding this copied into an English paper while on the Continent, I took courage, returned to London, revised "Joaquin," wrote "Arizonian," "Walker in Nicaragua," "Myrrh," and a lot more, and brought out the "Songs of the Sierras," by Joaquin Miller. But I brought out that book, if I remember my motive, more to please my elder brother, whom I had always dearly loved, and who was then dying slowly at Easton, Pennsylvania. And I returned to him almost immediately. While the London correspondents were writing about my red-shirt appearance in saloons of fashion and trying to read my own biography in my book of mountain-tales, I was waiting by the bedside of my dying brother, not far from Philadelphia.

My only sister died about the same time with my brother; and this broke my mother's mind all up. Everything seemed to break up together; and, after a brief visit to my parents in Oregon, I went back to Europe to try to forget. So, you see, I was almost forced to write once more. I had but little money, and many responsibilities. And so with all the clouds and loads I went away down the Danube, and for the first time set to work seriously with the idea of being an author.

One day some American papers were handed me containing four and five columns of so-called secret history of my life and the key to mysterious passages in my verses. These romantic stories suggested good ground-work for a life in the mountains I loved. The Queen's publishers, Bentley & Son, 8 Burlington Street, London, offered to publish the book. It appeared; others followed; and even to this day I am asked for sketches of my life in the Sierras. And I generally comply, —because I like to write about my beloved mountains, the true and generous old Californians who always stood so fondly by me, and all that old romantic life,—taking any character I happen to know or hear of and making it my own.

I came very near getting into trouble, however, not long ago in thus absorbing another man's achievements. For, having used up about all my own and Joaquin Murietta's adventures, I drew on the life and enterprises of a man now in the State prison in California, who was in the habit of always leaving a piece of original poetry in the empty treasure-box when he robbed the stage. And not long after the publication of this I got a letter from this poor fellow, informing me that

he really believed I was the genuine robber, and he would be obliged to me if I would come and serve out his uncompleted time and let him go.

And that is the way in which I came to write and to use the name Joaquin. Clearly, I never really intended to devote my life to writing. I do not like it. My ambition has always been to build up a little home and make a moderate living by raising something in a garden, such as fruit, flowers, and so on, and also practising law in a quiet way. In fact, I think I never had such joy as when last year at New Orleans I picked up a Western magazine with a picture of the house which I built and the trees which I planted in Canyon City, Grant County, Oregon, when judge there. Those trees are now a fortune to the owner.

I am sure I never had much idea of my verses, and I prefer prose work. But above either prose or verse I think I have financial ability that ought to have carried me far to the front. For a man who can at the age of twenty-two take a county with its paper low down in the twenties and in less than four years have it at par ought not to be despised, even if he does write rhymes. It was something of this confidence in myself, and a desire to stop writing, also, with the purpose of writing a sketch for an English magazine, and all this backed by the fact that my books had sent millions of English money over the Pacific Railroad, which made its great manager my *professed* friend, that led me into Wall Street, and to the wrecking of the few thousands I had saved.

This Wall Street battle threw me back to writing again, and harder. I went to Washington, bought a piece of ground, built a cabin,—the only kind of house I could afford, and yet it suited me exactly,—and paid for it piecemeal,—by days' work, I may almost say. And now, soon, this year, God willing, I shall stop writing, and in a small way take up the law again. For a man who writes constantly cannot think much. And a man who does not think much ought not to have much to say.

There is a disposition to selfishness and egotism in writing that is ruinous to all men. A man who makes a profession of writing poetry ought to die early. For if he lives long he will surely suffer deeply. Besides all that, the field of legitimate poetry is so small that no man ought to try to make his bread, much less maintain others, on it. Byron, Dante, Petrarch, pouring their sublime sorrows out upon the world, were hardly manly, I think. I, for one, would not permit myself to wail thus, even were it possible, for all the renown of this earth.

Other immortal gods of song have selected war and celebrated a

lot of cruel butchers through all the ages, sowing dragons' teeth in every sounding syllable. I would starve first.

Alexander the Great mourning at Babylon because he could not make the Greek ivy grow on the ruins of that old lightning-riven town might well be celebrated in song. But it is only now and then that we see things standing out like stars in the dark night of eminent men's actions like this. And so good song, inspiring and inspired, must of necessity be rare. And it is an unwise man that would make his bread entirely by it, much less bring up his family on it. And, then, with the Bible, Shakespeare, and the Brownings, the world is not greatly in need of more poetry; but it is greatly in need of more fruit, more flowers, and more beautiful gardens. But I have already more than answered your questions, perhaps, and so, with love to you, am

Joaquin Miller.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

A SHORT while back I lodged for two years in the house of a respectable, well-to-do master-shoemaker in Philadelphia, who had his workshop and store on the ground-floor of the dwelling-house. I soon came to be on very friendly terms with my landlord, as well as with one or two of his workmen, and (partly because I wished to extend my knowledge of German) was wont to spend an hour or two in the evenings among them and such of their "chums" as used to drop into the shop. As all were Germans and Socialists, it may interest your readers to get some idea of the views that were ventilated there. The master, I may say, was so earnest in his convictions and so anxious to propagate his views that, though by no means a wealthy man, he was a liberal supporter of the *Tageblatt*, which he valued only as an organ for disseminating socialistic principles. The men were, like most Germans, all more or less educated, with a taste for reading and speculation. Some, indeed, were really well informed.

One of the first things to strike me was their remarkable confidence in their own opinions and judgments. They seemed to think they knew everything worth knowing, and nobody else anything. Americans, especially, they appeared to regard as incapable of comprehending abstract principles and of reasoning accurately from them, or of seeing beyond the hard casing of actual circumstances by which they are surrounded and accommodating themselves unquestioningly thereto. They, on the other hand, discussed, night after night, problems that lie at the basis of social life. Of course they found all present arrangements to be utterly wrong and demanding immediate abolition or recasting.

Two other traits impressed me not less strongly. The one was their want of common sense; the other, their recklessness in regard to human life. To these I might add a third,—namely, the total absence of the religious sense. They were not sceptics merely or agnostics: they laughed outright at the idea of a personal God. They *knew* there is none, and no hereafter. As regards

their want of common sense, I will mention that one of their favorite theories was that no man should be required or allowed to work more than two hours a day. When I asked them how this would suit the farmer in harvest-time, they used to reply that if the farmer were educated up to their point they had no doubt that it would work very well. I used to labor to show them that the majority of the American people had an interest in the soil that they would not surrender without a struggle,—so that it was hopeless for them to think that here, of all countries, they could revolutionize society in the face of the obstacles opposed to them. They seemed not to realize this, nor any difficulty, but mooned away in dreamy, impractical speculations on the natural claim of society to the soil as well as to everything else. A favorite statement of theirs was that the streets of Philadelphia would shortly be red with blood, and they seemed to enjoy the contemplation of painting the city carmine in this way. Clergymen especially were the objects of their abhorrence. Every one was to be massacred. I remember asking them, on one occasion when this was brought up, "Well, now, how about the Irish? There are probably as many Irish Catholics as there are Socialists in Philadelphia. These men will not stand quietly by to see their priests strung up to the lamp-posts. They will rise to a man in their defence; and Irishmen are as good for a street-fight as Germans. How are you going to arrange with them?" The idea seemed to be that the Irish could be talked over—educated up—to seeing their own interests; failing this, they must simply be disposed of. How the "disposing" process was to be accomplished they were not quite so clear about. On one occasion a number of slips of printed paper were lying about the workshop. I picked one up, and found it to be a sort of Socialistic creed or confession of faith, consisting, if I remember aright, of five articles. The first was the abolition of all personal property. Everything belongs to the State. No man has a claim to anything,—not even to what he has made with his own hands. Another was the abolition of all personal freedom. Every man is at the disposal of the State and must do exactly what it directs him. It decides what he shall work at, and when. The result of his labors goes into the common stock, from which every one is supplied with all that he requires. Of course there is no longer any need for wages, or indeed for money in any shape. Abolition of the family was a prominent doctrine. The marriage relation is to be unknown in this heaven on earth; the children will be the property of the State, not of the parents. "He is a smart child that knows his own father," says the proverb; in the new order of things he will be a clever father that knows his own child. The last point I can recall was the abolition of all religion and the suppression of the priestly class. There was, I think, one article more.

I became especially intimate with one workman,—an industrious, well-informed, "mild-mannered" man as ever, etc. On Sunday afternoons I occasionally accompanied him to well-known beer-houses and drank a few glasses amid men of congenial tendencies. I soon became convinced that a number of these saloon-keepers encourage this Socialistic nonsense from selfish motives. Almost every one of them owns property, and has just as little thought of surrendering it to "Society" as you or I have of giving up ours. But this doctrine encourages the boys to drink. Why economize, when in a short time money will be of no use? The man without a nickel will start just as fair under the new order of things as the man who has denied himself and saved money. Then at the committee and assembly meetings in their rooms and halls a great deal of beer has to be got rid of. A considerable proportion of our most dangerous Socialists and an-

archists are men only lately come to America, who can speak no English, and mistake the rant they hear at bars and in saloon-gardens for the voice of the people. Were there less loafing about bars by windy mouthers and less frothy talk there, we should hear a great deal less of Socialism and Anarchism.

We may be, as Mr. Matthew Arnold tells us that we are, a nation of Philistines,—“a livelier sort of Philistines than ours,” he does us the justice to concede, but still Philistines. That is, we may be, as he explains, a people wholly given over to admiration of machinery (in which generic term Mr. Arnold includes such natural products as coal and gold, all inventions, wealth, health, population, business, politics,—everything, in short, except culture); and as Philistines we may be, “as is well known,” to quote again from Mr. Arnold, “the enemies of the children of light, or the servants of the idea.” Yet there are signs which would seem to herald the dawning of a day of sweetness and light even upon our machinery-darkened souls. Are the signs true, or are we to awake and find that what we had fondly dreamed was culture is, after all, only craze,—in other words, a new phase of machinery-cult?

For instance, the wide-spread interest in the sale of Mrs. Morgan's collection of works of art: was it, indeed, only due to fashion, and therefore only a new form of that machinery which marks our Philistinism? Is it merely the craze of a certain clique to be interested in art and to devote a goodly portion of superfluous wealth to the accumulation of paintings and statues and china which may or may not be first-rate examples of art after their kind? Is the mania for house-decoration, which finds expression all the way from peach-blow vases at twenty thousand dollars down to Christmas-cards and pictorial advertisements, only a mania, and nothing more? Or is it that “sense for beauty” which Mr. Arnold has taught us is at least half of culture expressing itself, here in adequate language, there in broken stammerings, but finding, in whatever form of utterance, new impulse and source of growth?

Surely we have made real progress since the days of whitewashed walls and Art-Union engravings. Amid all the changes of fashion, and consequent shiftings of the standard of beauty, an ideal of the beautiful is being evolved, and will be permanent. And if it is to the rapid growth of great fortunes among us that we must attribute much that is factitious in our present notions of beauty, much of sham in our culture, we must, in all fairness, confess that with the development of an ideal of the beautiful this same rapid increase of wealth, machinery though it be, has much to do; so much, that we may be permitted to doubt whether it be indeed the natural enemy of culture. At least it, and only it, can give, in this work-a-day society of ours, that leisure of soul to enjoy beautiful things by which alone a “sense for beauty” may be fully attained.

And not our own experience only, but history also reminds us that the development of “machinery” tends, in republics at least, to the fostering of art and the growth of culture. Every one remembers that it was in the time of Pericles that commerce was most flourishing in Athens, that it was under the Medici that Florence built her own ships and extended her traffic into all the world. And so we may be permitted to believe that even in these days of ours, when fortunes grow colossal and a certain class among us have gained unlimited power to indulge their whims, it is not merely a fashion by which the supremacy of the beautiful is establishing itself, but that among the multitudes who indulge in a craze there is an elect number who possess true culture.

L. S. H.